

PUNCH

CHARIVARIA



STUDENTS of world affairs, trying to take a hopeful view of the Big Two meeting, clutched eagerly at the Washington item saying that an early communiqué had "reported briefly on the 'general sense' of the discussion."

"Save as You Earn" campaign cheered up local managements. They had feared yet another cast-iron argument for a wage claim.

history. Remarking the trend, some sharp man at the *Evening News* has already got in on the ground floor with, "Was there really a Noah's Ark?"

WITH the news that one of our leading influenza experts is urging us not to take the Asian variety too lightly,



as against our other leading influenza experts who have been urging us not to take it too seriously, we are resigning ourselves to just taking it.

WRITING to the *News Chronicle* from I.T.A.'s Television House, Mr. Robin Day urges TV broadcasts of Parliament at work. The only successful way to expand the present two-minute summaries by reporters he says, is to show the debates themselves. Even so, many people feel that a two-minute summary just about does justice to most of them.

LITTLE public response attended Mr. Gaitskill's suggestion that, should U.N. observers report a real danger of hostilities in the Middle East, a U.N. military force should be sent to keep the peace between Turkey and Syria. It is felt, generally, that the last chance of effective intervention of this kind was during the troubles in San Marino, where there was a chance of local armies being outnumbered.

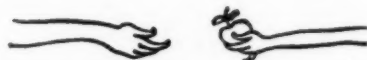
MR. HAROLD WATKINSON has been encouraging about roads, though



reporters questioning him on his immediate plans were disappointed that they did not include anything on the lines of the recent Canadian innovation, when the Queen started a new highway with a detonation of dynamite.

FOLLOWERS of Miss Nancy Mitford were shaking their heads somewhat over the news that the royal visitors to America took their own gold plates with them for a White House banquet. Any suggested slight was neatly tit-for-tatted by American big business, however: when the wind grew cold at that football match the Queen "put on a full-length \$15,000 mink coat, presented to her by a U.S. mink breeders' association."

It seems obvious, what with stories of the Blitz running in the *Evening*



DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Standard and airship disasters in the *Sunday Express*, that circulation-building features are starting to leapfrog one another backwards through

WORSHIPERS of animal heroes had an ecstasy badly punctured over that rescue story about two men and a dog called Lassie, cut off by the tide. The



only mention she got was that when the water began to rise the two men "took turns to hold her in the air."

THERE has been too much talk of our slowness in the space-flight uptake. Signs that we have lost no time are suggested by the distribution to the press of "A summary of data supplied by Ministry of Supply Establishments on the Russian satellite."

No Comment

(The *Times* reports that Dr. Graham has been butted by a mountain ram.)

BILLY GRAHAM biffed by sheep
Down a mountain rough and steep?
Little jokes that come to mind
Also must be thrust behind.

THE man who took a dinghy out from Dover for a row, was caught in a storm, rescued by a lifeboat, televised by the B.B.C., spotted on the screen and later arrested on a charge of stealing the dinghy, is said to be coming round to the idea that the cards are stacked.

REFUSAL by Nottingham trade unionists to support the Government's new

I'm Against it Now

By H. F. ELLIS

THE Channel Tunnel has always been a hobby of mine, if only because of its longevity. So the moment I read that Field-Marshal Montgomery had dismissed it as a "wildcat scheme" in a speech at a Navy League function I borrowed one of those hand microphones and went round to see him. My experience is that almost anyone, however distinguished, will answer questions, however impertinent, provided you take a microphone along with you, with a length of wire trailing behind it.

The following conversation then more or less ensued.

Myself: What the devil do you mean by saying that strategically a Channel tunnel would weaken us? Have you appreciated the situation?

Lord Montgomery: Facts are facts. We are an island people. Why give up one of our greatest assets and make things easier for our enemies?

Myself: You are simply quoting from your Navy League speech. Do you seriously mean to tell me that in the event of war the tunnel could not be blocked?

Lord M.: I didn't get your name. Are you an authority on matters of strategy?

Myself: Certainly. We all are. I

have read Churchill and Alanbrooke and all the Generals and Chester Wilmot and Eisenhower—

Lord M.: I beg your pardon. I didn't know. Allow me to suggest, however, that blocks can be removed or got round.

Myself: The tunnel can be flooded.

Lord M.: Water can be pumped out. At Walcheren—

Myself: *Water?* I am talking about radioactive milk.

Lieut-General Sir Brian Horrocks: Let me make one thing crystal clear.

Myself: Ah. There you are, Jorrocks. I was hoping you would show up. Now we shall soon have everything properly organized.

Lord M.: If you will step into my caravan I will put you in the picture, with what will be perhaps the most brilliant appreciation—

Myself: No, no, Monty. Jorrocks must set the scene. You don't mind my calling you Jorrocks at sight, Jorrocks? I've got this microphone thing in my hand, you see.

General H.: The important point right at the start, the one absolutely vital thing to grasp about this whole business is that you are holding it too near my waistcoat. Kindly give me room to manoeuvre.

Myself: I will do that thing. You wish, I take it, to interlace your fingers in front of your chest and lean right forward?

General H.: Naturally.

Myself: To emphasize a point?

General H.: Yes.

Myself: Go right ahead. It's on your plate now, General.

General H.: The first thing I am going to do, before I do anything else, is to tell you what the situation is, as I see it. And this is what it is. *Here*, at Dover, comfortably dug in, no headaches at all, is one end of the tunnel, what the troops call an adit. *Here*, right slap bang under the Channel, is the tunnel itself. And *here* at Calais is, very briefly, the other end. Got it?

Myself: What a lucky thing you had all those magnetized arrows on you, General.

General H.: Now then. In planning the defence of channel tunnels, as in all operations of war, there is one supremely important rule and only one.

Myself: Do you clench your fist at us, sir.

General H.: No, but I clench my fist. It helps me to hammer home the one absolutely vital point, *never underestimate the intelligence of your opponent*. So here is what he is going to do. With one long, strong, concentrated punch—

Myself: Ouch!

General H.: —he is going to come crashing through on a narrow front—

Lord M.: Nonsense. I shall pivot my right on Strasbourg and hit him for six.

General H.: Six?

Lord M.: Including overthrows.

Myself: One moment. I am not in very good heart. The conversation is becoming too technical. All I want to know is this. Is it beyond the competence of our military advisers to deny the use of a Channel tunnel to the enemy?

Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke: It is a question of choosing the right moment. If the decision were a purely military one—

Myself: Why, bless my soul, this is becoming quite a party. Sorry, Brookie.

Field-Marshal A.: Unfortunately, instead of leaving the decision—

General H.: The one supremely vital decision.

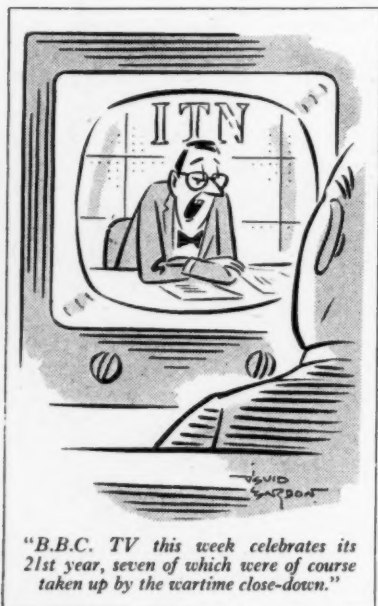
Field-Marshal A.: —to the man best fitted to make it, the soldier in supreme command in the field—

Lord M.: What's that? Did somebody address me?

Field-Marshal A.: —or, rather, at the War House, intervention from so-called higher levels would inevitably—

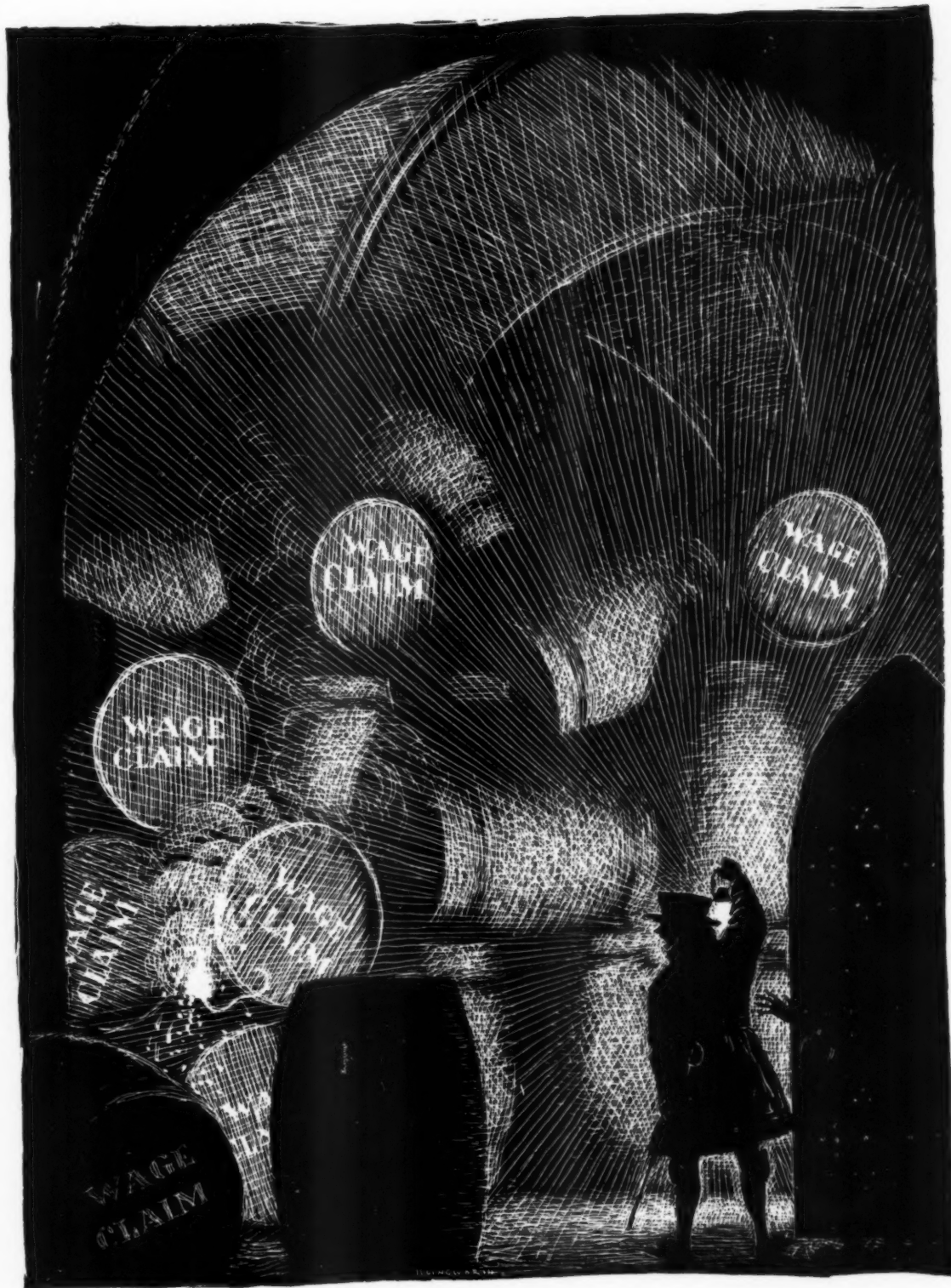
Myself: You mean it would be the Cabinet who would decide when to press the plunger? Thank you, gentlemen. The matter is finished. Roll up the map of the Channel Tunnel. I will now, with your permission, return this hand microphone to my knapsack.

All: Do that thing.



"B.B.C. TV this week celebrates its 21st year, seven of which were of course taken up by the wartime close-down."

"CALMEYER—A son, John Bassett, to Mr. and Mrs. Johan H. Calmeyer on May 5. Dad is in Producing."—*Trade paper*
So we observe.



Middle West Education

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

I WAS once a teacher in an American university. I had an office which I shared with five other people; my name was on the door until towards the end of the year, when some student to whom I'd been giving low grades stole it. I used to smoke a pipe and wait for students to come in and surprise me. On the wall above my desk I had a poem, by Rimbaud, in French, and a picture of the Council House at Nottingham. Both excited comment. If you leaned out of the window of the office you could see a path which all the co-eds (which is what the girl students were called) used to tread on their way to the women's dormitory.

The university was a state university in the middle of the mid-west. The campus was enormous, more than a mile square, filled with fifteen thousand students. There was a radio and television station, a theatre, two book-stores and an infirmary. You could take driving lessons. I was lost all the time. A river ran through the campus, and after a while I just got into the habit of following the river. You could see me padding through the thick bushes by the water's edge, up to the knees in mud but knowing just where I was.

Since it was a state university this institution had to take everyone in the

state who had graduated from high school and wished to go to college; and every year, from the four corners of the state, five thousand students appeared on its door-step. Some were near illiterate. I was teaching a basic course in English compulsory for all freshmen. There were about a hundred teachers teaching it. Teachers, meeting in the faculty lounge, began to doubt their own existence; they had supposed that they were individuals, intellectually unique, and now here were hundreds more like themselves. Some ran away and went into publishing or joined the Quakers. Others simply grew more and more morose. Others saw it as a pastime. These were by and large the professional intellectual vagabonds, the unsettled bright young men who went from university to university on short contracts, taking more and more degrees, teaching things. They all had old cars, new hi-fi equipment, a lot of high-class paper-backed books, and nothing else. They kept growing beards—first one, then another—and then shaving them off. They were all liberals, living truly in the world of ideas. The students couldn't understand them. It made them see what McCarthy was complaining about. They were, by American rules, failures, trying to teach students how to be successes.

One day, after I'd been there little more than a week, they told me I would have to take my first class. I was very frightened. I needed a haircut. There was a big amphitheatre, with a sink and some gas-taps on the teacher's desk. The room was full of beautiful girls, all about eighteen, splendidly made up. They wore cashmere sweaters and tight skirts, with darts under the rump to make their bottoms stick out. I had never taught before. I didn't know what to say. Very slowly I wrote my name in big letters on the board. I didn't say it was my name. I looked at my watch. There were still fifty-eight minutes to go. Sweat was collecting in my shoes. I started to read what I thought were some notes but what was, actually, a letter from my mother, telling me to buy a thick overcoat. My trousers seemed to be slipping down. All the while, pretending I was myopic, I was looking at the legs of the girls in the front row. I





wondered what to do now. I decided to tell them about my office. I explained, in incredible detail, how to get to it. I drew a plan on the board to show which desk was mine. I told them about the Rimbaud and Nottingham Council House. My hands kept going down, accidentally, into the sink. I promised to buy some biscuits if they'd come to my office now and then. There seemed nothing else to say, so I told them to go away and write an essay on "Love and marriage, love and marriage, go together like a horse and carriage." I thought it was something they were all interested in.

When I got the essays I was amazed. They were so bad that it just wasn't true. I looked at the essays that the other teachers had; they were bad too; it wasn't, then, my fault. The first paper I opened consisted of this:

"After a couple has been going

together for a while they soon find out whether they love each other or not. If a couple does love one another they will realize many things about each other. The couple knows if the other is lovable, selfish, rich or poor, gentle, good or bad, educated, can make a living, religious, well-mannered and many other things. If the couple knows they love each other no matter whether they are strong or weak in most of the things I have listed. They will want to marry. If a couple feels that he or she cannot live without each other for several of the reasons I have listed he or she will ask the other to marry."

I want you to know that I did not write this myself. It was written by a girl from Nashville, Kentucky, who came to university to learn to play the flute. The other papers were like this too.

I taught a few more classes and got more used to it. I still needed a haircut. After a while I got a sore throat from teaching so much and went into the

infirmary. I used to have penicillin injected into my seat by beautiful nurses. Then I got better and went back to teaching again. It was now nearly winter. My ears were cold all the time. The students didn't seem to be getting any better. They used to come into the office and try to get good grades by flattering me. They asked me how I liked American girls. I was too smart for them and they knew it, and after a while they didn't come any more.

I used to face great teaching problems, such as how to make the students pay attention. One idea I had for this was to punch someone. But gradually I worried less. One way I found of getting attention was to use the opaque projector. This was a machine for projecting the image of pages of books, or essays, on to the wall for class discussion. We used to crowd round it and all get warm. Gradually people would get

interested in the equipment. We'd dismantle it and learn how it worked. We all learned a great deal. Another teaching aid that we used was a gramophone. They all called it a phonograph. We began by playing records of Dylan Thomas declaiming his poems like some nineteenth-century tragedian; then we'd have a critical discussion of the poems. Gradually people started to bring their own records, of all the latest songs. Sometimes we'd have little dances. Once a tiny man with a bundle of washing under his arm sneaked into the class and sat at the back. It turned out that he was inspecting my teaching. The class had been a discussion of American dating-patterns as characteristic of the American way of life. We began with some desultory conversation, and then one of the students asked me about dating in England. I told a long story about the social implications of an affair I'd had with a large upper-middle-class girl who modelled vests for a knitwear firm. The inspector congratulated me afterwards on keeping the class's attention. Gradually other teachers began to hear about my classes, and soon the classes were so full of teachers that we had to ask some of the students

to stay away. Teachers were also dismissing their own classes in order to come to mine.

All the time I had to be very careful what I said, because I had sworn a loyalty oath, pledging to uphold the American constitution and the laws of the state and promising not to promulgate alien doctrines. Once I nearly risked my career by entering on a few words about the English National Health Service, but I caught myself in time. But word gradually got back to me that people thought I was a Communist. It was because I said I didn't much like commercial television.

Winter came and my hair got longer and longer. I couldn't afford to have it cut. The barbers were all in an association and charged a dollar fifty. This is more than ten shillings. Gradually my students began to comment on it; I told them I'd sent away to Sears Roebuck for a haircut but it hadn't come through yet. Finally I asked one of the girls in my class to cut it for me.

After that students started to take a great interest in my hair and in my clothes. They made me buy an Ivy-League suit, which is a very distinguished kind of Edwardian looking

clothing that all the best university people wear. I bought shirts with buttons on the collar: I wear one of them to write this. Someone gave me a sweater which wasn't too badly worn. A co-ed took me to a tea-party at her sorority. I was very pleased, because I'd been wanting a cup of tea for three months.

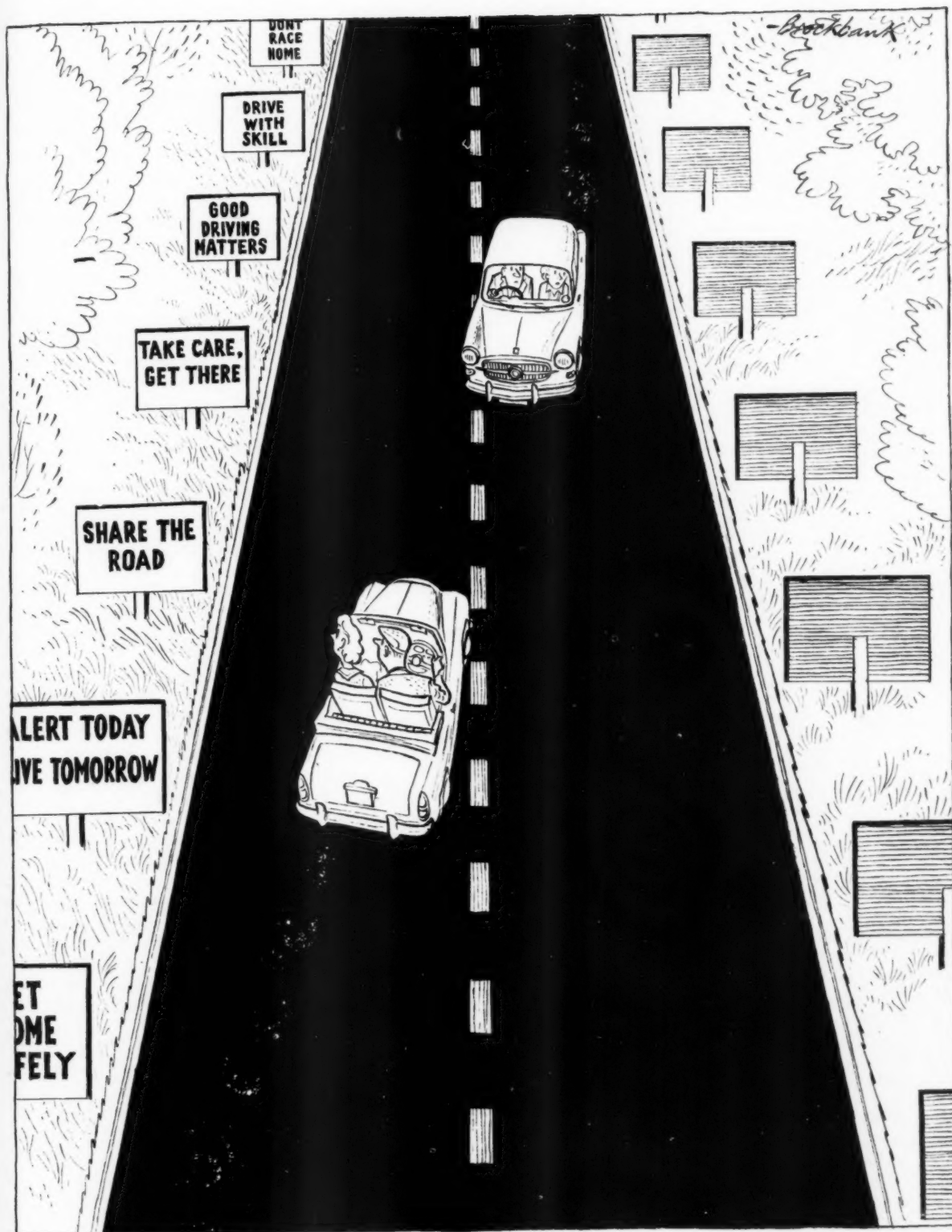
Towards the end of the semester, in late January, there was a sharp change in atmosphere. Co-eds came into my office and cried and said that they had to have a B average to stay in their sororities. They said they'd do anything to get a B. People told me afterwards that they meant it. The men students came in and said they hoped I was liking it over here and boy, they'd be out of school if they didn't have an A. Fraternity presidents and football coaches came jovially in to ask me to give good grades to protégés. I locked my office and went and sat in one of the bars downtown. Soon they found me there. I decided to hitch-hike to Florida. I knew I dare not publish the final grades. Students telephoned me in the evening and said if they got bad grades it proved I'd been a bad teacher. One of the students told me that none of them had understood a word I'd said all year because of my English accent. He wanted to know what "Have a biscuit" meant. It was what I had always said to students when they came into my office in the old days, when we'd all liked each other. I finally posted up the grades on the door of my office and then locked myself in. I could hear the students outside reading the grades and banging on the door. "We know he's in there," they could be heard saying. I stayed there, eating biscuits, until about ten o'clock in the evening. Then I walked back to my room through the wet bushes by the river edge. It was obvious that I would catch pneumonia but I didn't care. But next semester I would be more careful. I'd also, incidentally, find out if there wasn't a path.



"Do dry crockery before placing it in the plate-rack. Flies are likely to contaminate damp plates."—*Woman's Oven*

"Don't spend precious minutes wiping crocks . . . it's more sanitary to air dry them anyway."—*Woman*

Anything on teenage problems?



I LIKE IT HERE

by Kingsley Amis

NEXT day was Buckmaster day, and as full of splendidly straight-forward sunshine as ever. At about eleven the Bowens piled into the car—all five of them, because although only one, or at most two, of them had any reason at all for wanting to see Buckmaster, there was nothing else to be done with the other three.

Sandra sat on Bowen's lap, though not at his suggestion. He soon began thinking about beer. He wanted a pint of English beer, but not because of its nationality or anything like that. Although Portuguese beer tasted much less of bone-handled knives than other Continental beers, it still wasn't as nice as English beer. He thought of the time when Barbara, after a bad night with

Sandra, had accused him at two hundred words a minute of pretending to like beer because he thought it was working-class, British, lower-middle-class, Welsh, anti-foreign, anti-upper-class, anti-London, anti-intellectual, British and proletarian. He had replied more slowly that she was mistaken if she thought he would deny himself large gins-and-tonic or magnums of sparkling red Burgundy just because nasty people liked them too. He had added to Barbara that beer was cheaper while still sharing with gin and Burgundy the property of making him drunk. This last factor had received insufficient acclaim. He thought to himself now that if ever he went into the brewing business his posters would have written

The Bowens have come to Portugal to see "Buckmaster," otherwise Wulfstan Strether, a novelist, in whose name a manuscript called "One Word More" has been submitted to a London publisher, Bennie Hyman. The publisher doubts its authenticity.

[This version is condensed from Mr. Amis's forthcoming novel]

across the top "Bowen's Beer," and then underneath that in the middle a picture of Mrs. Knowles drinking a lot of it and falling about, and then across the bottom in bold or salient lettering the words "Makes You Drunk."

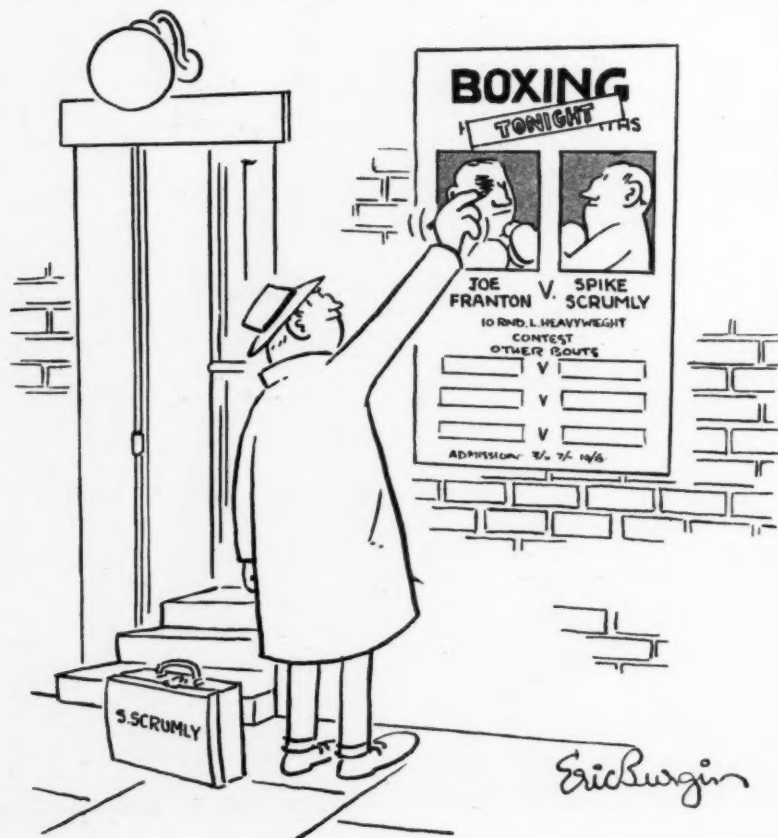
The car emerged from among some big trees with very green leaves into a declivity between some flowering shrubs on one side of the road and some squat bushes, arranged as if for ease of cultivation, on the other. A signpost and a single mention of a *casa inglesa* (as rehearsed under Oates many times the previous evening) put them on their way. Bowen felt quite the globe-trotter as Barbara turned the car aside on to an unmade track that curved away from the road.

The house, visible the next moment, seemed partly raised off the ground by wooden pillars. Everything was painted white, including a flight of steps with a handrail that had a creeper growing up it. A veranda looked as if it ran all the way round. Here a human figure stood, half-hidden in strong shadow, apparently waving. It also apparently had a glass in its other hand. That was good.

While Barbara was halting the car in a small paved courtyard, Bowen was telling himself that he wasn't a spy, but a man doing a job. By the time he had leapt zestfully out of the car, burning his hand rather on some hot metal-work, and had turned to meet the man who was coming down the wooden steps, he was telling himself that he was a man doing a job and a spy too. Well, either way he might as well watch carefully.

"My name is Wulfstan Strether," the man said, as at the start of one of those films where the hero does a running commentary as well as chatting to the other characters. "And you, no doubt, are Garnet Bowen. And Mrs. Bowen. And these are your children. I am very glad to welcome you all here."

Bowen's first thought was Yes, claim upheld. Visually the fellow measured up: he was tall, slightly stooping, with



almost white though abundant hair, and with a bearing, a nose, a mouth, a pair of eyes that could be unhesitatingly pigeon-holed as authoritative, hawk-like, sensitive, piercing. This was to ignore, perhaps, the properties of his ears (elongated, red), hat (staringly white), shirt (damask, extra-zonal, unwise), and his dialogue recalled Charles Morgan rather than anything Downing College would approve—though the distinction was admittedly a fine one. But all this was countered by the quality of his voice (the statutory reedy tenor) and its accent (older speakers' upper-class, with even a scintilla of *hyah* about the word *here*). He looked about sixty and, while amiable enough, a terrible old crap.

"Shall we go up?" he asked pleasantly. "I think I can guess what bulks largest in your mind at the moment. A comfortable chair and a long cool drink. This heat, though not in any sense extreme, is, I know, or can be, not without a certain debilitating quality in its impact upon those unaccustomed to it."

Barbara, carrying Sandra, dilated her eyes at Bowen and mounted the steps. Bowen followed with the boys.

The room they entered was Maugham-like, but of the Far East and not the Riviera sub-type. Any whisky-sodden tea-planter or homicidal adulteress would have felt at home here in a moment, what with the venetian blinds, the hanging bowls with greenery trailing from them, the vaguely boggy-boggy wooden images (from Brazil, Bowen was told later), the magazines and novels from England—a promising field for investigation, these last. But was all that going to matter? Bowen felt now that within a few minutes, probably, Buckmaster would have produced some letter or other object which would establish his claim to being Strether. If it didn't come of its own accord, as it easily might, it shouldn't be hard to coax it out of him. Good. And drinks were on the way. Better. And it suddenly occurred to him, no amount of spying could damage the old boy unless he was a phony. Best.

The production of drinks was interrupted while Buckmaster went in search of ice. David and Mark had swept the room with a glance, found it void of entertainment material, and rushed out. Barbara had removed Sandra to less vulnerable ground. Bowen had the

room to himself. He glanced along the bookshelves, which were of a pretty pinkish wood, unvarnished. A copy of *The Custom of the Country* early presented itself, but he set his teeth and went gamely on. *Under Western Eyes*. Then *Portrait of a Lady*. Uncontrollable laughter was the only dignified response to that. He vented some.

Buckmaster came back carrying an engraved silver bowl.

"Shall we venture on to the veranda, Mr. Bowen? I think we shall find it cooler there. Is there anything you need, Mrs. Bowen, for the—er—the *baby*?" Having successfully brought off this audacious colloquialism he sat them all down and tremulously and with excessive haste poured the drinks, rebuking himself under his breath for dropping an ice-cube, clashing two glasses, serving Bowen before Barbara.

After a time, the boys having chased each other away and Barbara having again removed Sandra from within range of breakables, Bowen said: "Well, I should like to say how honoured I am to have come along here to-day and made your acquaintance." He felt very horrible while saying this.

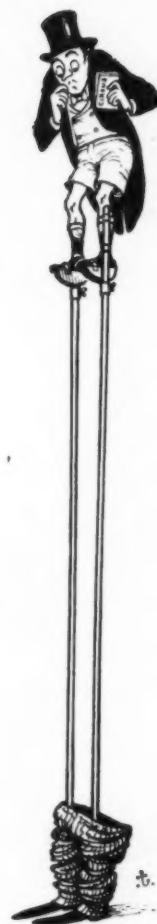
"You're most kind, Mr. Bowen, most kind indeed. To one whose life as an artist is rounded, complete and now discarded, such kindness from one of your generation has the quality of a promise of support. I am grateful."

"Then you're quite sure you won't write anything else?"

"Alas, yes. But why do I say alas? I have done what has been allowed to few men. I have performed what I was intended to perform and I have performed it well. It is my good fortune to be able to say with Mortimer that since there was no place to mount up higher, why should I grieve at my declining fall?"

"Well, yes, I can see that must be a comfort."

"And since my lonely dedication is at an end, there is no reason any longer for me to prolong its circumstances. It is now my wish, for the years that I have left, to take that part in the life of my times to which my achievement entitles me. I plan to be in London at the time when my last work is given to the world, on purpose to study at close quarters the circumstances and effect of its launching, a form of self-indulgence which my creative regimen has hitherto denied me



and which, I trust, may be deemed venial in one situated like myself."

"Of course," Bowen said vaguely, feeling rather overwhelmed. So Hyman, old Weinstein and the rest of them were going to have a lot less than a year's grace before Buckmaster arrived on their doorstep. Well, that was something pretty tangible to tell them.

"But it will be an impersonal study, for in a very real sense I am not concerned in it. Are we to call our former selves our own? By custom and courtesy only. In the fullest possible meaning of the phrase I am not what I was. I have broken my staff, liberated my Ariel—a compelling image, it has always seemed to me, for the conscious resigning of the inspirational daemon. The moment I wrongly foresaw at the end of my penultimate work has finally arrived and passed. And so, on a more mundane level, I have had what I might perhaps describe as . . . as a *spring clean*." He looked squarely at Bowen with a sort

of bland emphasis. "Nothing remains to connect me with that former time. As soon as I had completed *One Word More* to my satisfaction I destroyed all letters, all documents, everything inanimate, in a word, that connected me with yesterday."

Bowen went on talking somehow, trying feebly to extract some concrete reminiscence, some verifiable piece of information. But no: Buckmaster had never, apparently, met any living persons and few dead ones; none, at any rate, that Bowen thought to mention. The old chap had lived in Spain "for some years" and had shifted to Portugal in 1936, having remained there "for the most part" ever since. When Bowen tried to probe farther he met with a reticence that could not be penetrated without seeming, or indeed being, vulgarly inquisitorial. It was also a relief when Barbara returned and announced that they must be getting along.

Buckmaster became violently apologetic. "But I have seen almost nothing of you, Mrs. Bowen, nor of the charming youngsters. Will you not change your mind and stay to luncheon? Or at least permit yourself another drink? I am desolated. Well, we must arrange things more spaciouly next time. I will insist on there being a next time, since I for one have immensely enjoyed to-day's occasion. On Friday I go to Coimbra for ten days or so, but on my return we must positively lose no time in renewing the acquaintance."

"Are you visiting the University at

Coimbra?" Bowen asked as they descended the steps.

"I may well do so, but my purpose is to be the guest of an old friend of mine who lives nearby." Suddenly twisting his head about like a frightened horse, he drew Bowen aside. "Would you like to—er—go . . . before your journey? And perhaps the children . . . and . . .?"

The lavatory was on the far side of the house at ground level. Its cleanliness made Bowen want to linger nostalgically there, but he repressed this. Idle curiosity made him go the other way round the building on his way back. This new route revealed to him a small garage, also built in under the veranda floor, with its door open and an aged car on view. Doing something to one of its headlamps was a young man who might have been a chauffeur. He was strikingly handsome and winked at Bowen as he went by.

Bowen and Barbara shook hands with the old boy. David and Mark did their stuff well and Mark added as an extra: "What lovely drinks you gave us." Sandra waved and produced one of her best grins. Buckmaster's face twitched about as he tried to conceal some of his delight. Bowen said as warmly as he knew: "This really has been a great privilege, sir." Saying it didn't make him feel terrible at all.

When they had driven away Bowen's attempts to sort something out were interrupted by Barbara: "That was jolly interesting, wasn't it? He was an absolute dear, didn't you think?"

"Yes, I did in a way, but he was pretty full of himself as well, you know."

"Was he? He didn't strike me like that at all."

"Well, you weren't there for that bit."

"No, I know, I was minding the creature. Next time we really must see if we can't park her with one of the maids. Still, I did see a bit of him. I'm going to enjoy telling Olivia all about it. See her eyes pop. He's a great hero of hers."

Bowen winced. "I'm afraid you won't be able to do that, dear."

"Why ever not? Is there something secret going on?"

"Bennie Hyman doesn't want us to spread the word around at all until he says it's time."

"Oh, damn and blast Bennie Hyman. What's it got to do with him?"

"Well, they are publishing this book of his, dear old Buckmaster's, I mean old Strether's . . ."

"Look here, Garnet, there's something fishy going on, I know. I could tell from the way you and Bennie were muttering together the day we sailed. What's it all about?"

It always came to this in the end, and Bowen always thought at the start that it wouldn't. He told her the story, omitting only his hopes of a job with Hiscock and Weinstein and their contribution to his budget.

"What a revolting idea, spying on the old chap like that. Just the sort of thing I'd expect from Bennie. But I should have thought you'd have had a bit more integrity. I know you always laugh at me when I go on about integrity. Yes you do. But this time I'm right, and you know it. Don't you?"

"I suppose I do."

"Well then. And what's the use of knowing what's right unless you act on it? You write to Bennie and tell him you can't help."

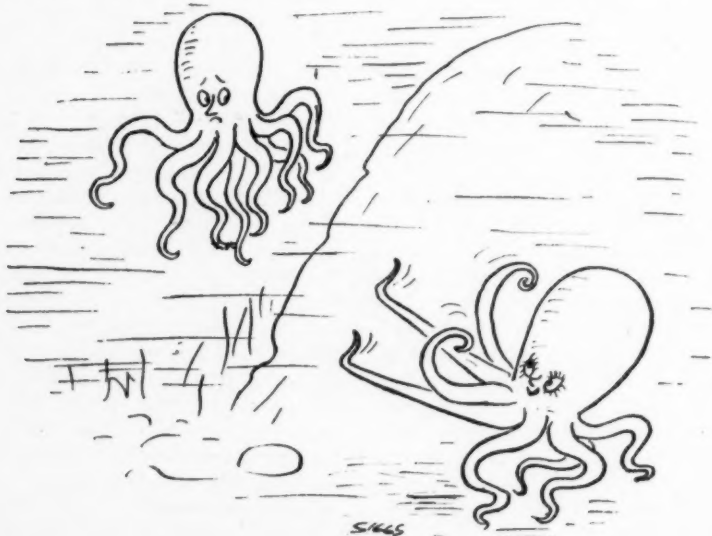
"I can't anyway."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, there just isn't any way of knowing about this business either way. Not from anything that'll come in my direction."

"Never mind, you just contract out of it all. And I don't think you ought to go and see Strether again until you've made up your mind you are contracting out. Really, Garnet, how squalid."

(To be continued next week)





Garlands Entwined

"I know there have been hints in the papers here (there's usually a touch of acid in their references to me) that it is a bad thing to take the children around. Ridiculous! Exploiting them publicity-wise? That's the last thing that would ever enter my head."—Judy Garland

N.S.P.C.C. Offices,
Leicester Square, W.C.2

Memorandum from Inspector Grilltooth, Investigations Branch, to Director, Prosecutions Branch.*

ON the 25th inst., in pursuance of my Departmental Director's instruction, I called upon Mrs. Sidney Luft (alias Miss Judy Garland) at the domestic quarters which she shares in London, W.1, with her husband, her son Joe (2) and her daughter Lorna (4).

These quarters, which I certify to be free from damp, dry rot, fungus and vermin, comprise two penthouse suites (one of them known as the Norman Hartnell Suite) overlooking New Bond

Street. Between them the suites cover approximately half an acre, ensuring adequate air space within the terms of the relevant Acts, and a bit over, for two infants and three adults (the third adult being Miss Parsons, nurse).

The fireplace in Hartnell is flanked by bookshelves filled with *de luxe* editions. Among titles noted were (a) *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, (b) *Modern Wild Fowling* and (c) *The River War*. I suggested to the father that it was impolitic to give infant minds access to (a) rancid scepticism, (b) blood lust and (c) over-rich prose, heating to the blood. The father said not to worry, buddy; they weren't books at all, only part of the wall decoration.

The first child to enter was Joe. Clean, neatly dressed. Looked well nourished and several pounds over average weight for his age. He climbed on to the mother's lap for exchange of kisses, shook me by the hand, then (inadvertently, as I trust) drank my orange juice. Of his rompers the

mother said she bought them in Southampton soon as she got off the boat, there being no children's clothes to compare with English children's clothes. That wasn't his right shirt for that pair of pants. Best they could do. The others were in the laundry. They had a matching navy-blue trim. There was a cute little red coat went with the outfit.

Joe, unsolicited, hummed songs from the mother's repertory—"The Man That Got Away," "Popeye" and "Over the Rainbow." He cannot talk yet, states the mother, being too stubborn to do so, but carries a tune like all-get-out, to use a phrase of the father.

Was it true, I asked the mother, that on Saturday the 19th inst., in the course of the *Judy Garland Show* at the Dominion Theatre, W.1, notwithstanding previous assurances that none of her children had been born or were ever to be regarded as having been born in a trunk at the Prince's Theatre, Pocatella, Idaho, she carried Joe on to the stage and sang into his left ear the number "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe," from *Cabin in the Sky*, while flashlight photographs were taken?

* Abstracted from N.S.P.C.C. files by CHARLES REID.

The mother: A thing the paper didn't say in reporting this was that it happened at a *matinée*. Joe and Lorna are always in bed by six. Sure I let my children come to see my show. Lots of other children do. Why not mine? They love the performing dog act. Joe and Lorna sat in the front row with nurse. People round about started calling "Get 'em up, let's see 'em!" Was I supposed to shout back "No, I shan't!"?

At this point Lorna entered. Like her brother she is neat, clean and of healthy appearance. She pointed to the fire-grate. This contained lit-up embers of the synthetic type, masking an electric radiator. She said "Is it red hot?"

The father: No. This isn't an ordinary fire. It's a pretending fire. You can touch it.

Joe immediately touched the fire, inserting his arm in it up to the elbow.

The mother: Do you think that's a good thing, darling? Joe'll have to learn that fires are dangerous. Better bring him away.

This entitles the mother to a 10-plus rating for Accident Consciousness.

The children's suite, like that of the parents, has an open balcony seven storeys above street level. They are not permitted to use this unattended. In the drawing-room, referred to by the father as the parlour, I noted a small brunette doll, a large blonde doll with tartan dress, a working model of a London Transport omnibus and a house telephone on which, Lorna stated, she often calls room-service, although the dolls have been instructed they are not to do the same. Lorna

added: "Come see my dresses." In her wardrobe were some dozen dresses, arranged in order of importance. The first was of red velvet embroidered with miniature flowers. Lorna said: "I go down to dinner in that."

In separate conversation the mother testified:

That both children have healthy appetites and are especially partial to steak and chicken. Lorna has an allergy against chocolate but compensates for this by eating vanilla confections.

That apart from a slight chapping of Joe's nose-end, their health bill is clean; they had 'flu shots before leaving America.

That she kisses them a lot, cuddles them a lot, doesn't indulge in itsy-bitsy-boo talk, drills them in manners and believes firmly in discipline as opposed to "this progressive do-what-you-please stuff."

That, being on tour all the year round except for six weeks, she wouldn't ordinarily see her babies at all the remaining forty-six weeks. So, what the heck, she takes them with her, giving them the love and security all babies need.

That an hotel can be good as home, with the children climbing on to the parents' bed before breakfast to raise hell and be roughed up.

That she never stuffs her singing into their ears and wouldn't want to anyhow, her voice as recorded striking her as terribly loud, yelling, frenzied, bombastic.

To conclude, I see no cause whatever for instituting court proceedings to protect Joe Luft and Lorna Luft, who appear to be under excellent care.

N.S.P.C.C. Offices,
Leicester Square, W.C.2

Memorandum from Inspector Grilltooth, Investigation Branch, to Director, Awards Branch.

Having regard to the maternal skills which she lavishes upon her children Joe Luft (2) and Lorna Luft (4), I beg to nominate Mrs. Sidney Luft (alias Judy Garland) for A Mother of the Quinquennium Parchment. The *Judy Garland Show* is grossing £14,000 to £16,000 a week. The case is a striking example of how to be happy though rich. An award as recommended would give encouragement to many others.



"The trouble about Elmer is, he speaks French but doesn't understand it."

A Genius in the House

"MUMMY, if I wrote a book could I give a press conference?"

"What a peculiar question, Alan! Whoever heard of a little boy of nine writing a book?" Mrs. Holmes replied. "I hope you're not going to get any of your brother's queer ideas."

"Yes, you could. And it's not a silly question," said Helen, his sister, four years older. "A French girl wrote a book before she could hardly read or write."

"That's different. They do lots of things in France we don't do here," said her mother smugly.

"I know," said Helen. "She was called Berthe something. I can't remember her other name but I'm sure of the Berthe part."

"Bert's a boy's name," said Mrs. Holmes, surprised. "Besides it's English."

"No, it's not," said Helen, not bothering to explain.

"Anyway, Robert's much nicer," said her mother, now thoroughly confused.

"A girl at Alison's school wrote a novel and got it published," Helen went on. "She was able to leave school without having to pass any of her exams. They asked her to leave."

"Whatever for?" asked her mother.

"I don't know. I think it was something to do with the story of the book. It was about—" Helen glanced at Alan, now running round the room in circles, pretending to be a rocket, and whispered in her mother's ear.

"Well, really!" said Mrs. Holmes.

"How old was she when she wrote it?"

"Sixteen," said Helen. "Same as Bernard."

"I hope you haven't been reading the book," said her mother.

By BRIAN PARKER

"No. We asked Miss Patterson to get a copy for the school library but she wouldn't. She went all red and said we should feel sorry for any girl with ideas like that in her head."

"So you should too," said her mother, glad of even an absent ally.

"No we shouldn't," said Helen. "There's nothing to be sorry for her for. She's got a car now and she goes to France for her holidays. And she's always getting her pictures in the papers. Alison says they wanted to photograph her drinking out of a whisky bottle only her mother wouldn't let them."

"When Bernard publishes his book will they put his picture in the papers?" asked Alan, his attention caught by the reference to the press.

"In my opinion," said his mother, "your brother's a very silly boy wasting all his school holidays sitting in his room pretending to write a book. But he's old enough now to know his own mind. At least it stops him asking silly questions."

"How do you know he's only pretending?" asked Helen.

The noise of the post falling into the letter-box saved Mrs. Holmes from having to reply. Helen and Alan dashed out of the room into the hall. Helen got there first and came back carrying two letters.

"There's one for you and one for Bernard," she said. Then raising her voice, she called out: "Bernard! Ber—nard! There's a letter for you."

Bernard came pounding down the stairs, jumping the last four steps into the hall and landing with a thud which made his mother wince.

"You can never get any work done

"A Shocking Accident"

a Short Story by

GRAHAM GREENE

will appear

in next week's Punch.

in this house," he said as he took his letter. He read it and then grew rather pale. "They've taken it," he said. "They're going to publish my novel."

"They can't be," said his mother, clutching at a straw. "You haven't even finished it yet."

"That's the second one," said Bernard. "I sent the other off weeks ago. Now they want to discuss a contract."

"Golly," said Alan. "I think I'll start to write a book too."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said his mother. "I want some of my children to grow up to be normal and ordinary. One genius in the house is quite enough. You and Helen will come and watch television with me now."

So surprised were they by the news that neither Helen nor Alan protested as they were marched out of the room.

Left alone Bernard read his letter a second time and then went and gazed at himself in the mirror and pulled a ferocious face.

Not to Worry

"NOT to worry . . . not to worry . . . not to worry . . ."

How the phrase keeps cropping up in conversation!

Though syntactically meagre the Infinitive's *de rigueur*

As a fashionable form of exhortation.

Not to worry? Not to worry? Not to worry?

If the trend produces specimens absurder?—

Say, the Decalogue expressed as a kind of coy request

Not to covet . . . Not to steal . . . Not to murder . . .

E. V. MILNER



With feeling

Words by BAS BOOTHROYD and AL ATKINSON

MANUAL FOR POP-MONGERS

WHEN a Mr. Tommy Steele can report that his fans write to ask for his finger-nail clippings (*New Musical Express*, Sept. 20, 1957), and when the gramophone records of a Mr. Ted Heath can fetch ten pounds on the black market in Czechoslovakia, it seems obvious that some kind of guide to the wonderland of Popular Music is long overdue, so here it is.

For those two or three remaining people in the country who *haven't* a sensational singing voice and *can't* pick out the four fashionable chords without getting their thumb stuck under the E string (as well as for those who just look lumpy in jeans) there are other *entrées* to the racket: writing numbers, managing a teenage bombshell, owning a piece of a thrush,* or disc-overing (as they wittily put it in the trade) the latest back-street wonder-boy.

All these aspects of top-tennery, and others, are dealt with in these pages. Man, all you gotta do is get in there and dig this crazy stuff.

* * * * *

1. Historical Notes

We in this country have a long tradition behind us of chain-gangs, covered wagons, muddy waters, claim-jumping, honky-tonks, hoboes, heroic engine-drivers, cowboys, Indians, popcorn, civil war, speakeasies, soda-fountains, broads, frails, chicks, floozies, bathtub gin, de good Lawd, the Cumberland Gap, old Uncle Tom's Cabin and all. From this romantic heritage our kiddies have developed a vital folk art reflecting the glories, the heartaches and the simple laughter of our colourful history.

What better way for our children to earn their precious living than by dressing like backward poor-white Alabama homesteaders and giving out with a few of the good old homespun numbers like "Giddy Up A Ding Dong" (Bell, Lattanzi) or "Keep Your Cotton Pickin' Paddies Offa My Heart" (Edwards, Duddy, Bresler)? Never let it

be said that Britain lags behind when it comes to injecting national culture into the art of popular entertainment.

2. Writing a Number

(a) The Words.

Many potential writers of a good lyric ("lyrists," as they're called in T.P.A.*) are hesitant to take the plunge because they learnt no poetry at school. But in fact they are in a strong position, being uninhibited about metre and rhyme. A line that doesn't scan in a pop lyric can always have a few extra beats allotted to it, and as long as the vowels rhyme who's to complain? Both these points are illustrated in the following couplet:

*And now as I walk alone
By the fountains of Rome . . .*

You needn't even worry about the punctuation; for one thing, no one prints a song nowadays until the waxing

has sold ten thousand, and for another you can always hire some out-of-work M.A. to sprinkle the commas. All you need rub up on is apostrophes. For some reason the Alley is hot on these. You can make four syllables of "umbrella" whenever you like, but don't forget to write "ev'ry," "nothin'," "'cos," "ol'," and so on.

But back to the idea for your lyric. This can be one of three kinds—ballad, beat number or novelty.

Ballads are coming back, and you may just manage to hop on the bandwagon. The public is tiring rapidly of r. & r.* and to some extent of c. & w.* They are a pushover, therefore, for the sincere, deeper-thinking opus, sung by singers with integrity and eloquent eyebrows. Suppose you had written that great ballad:

*St. Therese of the roses, I will come to
you each night,*

*Near the altar in the chapel I will pray
by candlelight*

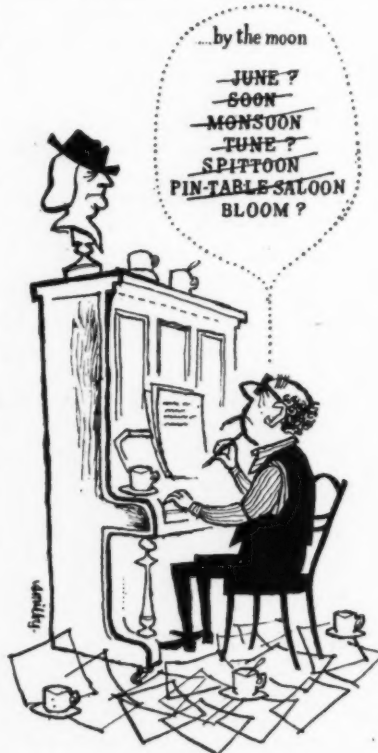
—how proud you would be! Not to say rich. But do not think that all ballads must have the religious streak. Any fine, generous sentiment will do. For instance:

*I'd give you the world,
Were the world mine to give you,
All silver and gold,
For you to behold.*

Don't be afraid of going over old ground. Certain material, such as dreamboats, distant shores, turtle-doves, angels and paradise (no religious reference here), thrills, pining, arms (non-military), hearts aglow, ships in the night, etc., etc., are still winners; and you'll notice, if you study them, that they lend themselves to rhyming, too, with the possible exception of dreamboats.

A last word on the ballad lyric: don't shoot yourself for the want of a line that makes sense. If you can't seem to run on after "My life is a poem to you," just stick in "My prayer is a rapture in blue." No one's going to beef.

Beat numbers are harder to write than ballads, because you can't really



* See Glossary of Terms



write them until you know the beat. For that reason they are perhaps best written in collaboration with the cleffer.* This means that he sits at the piano and smashes out a four-bar theme until you seem to hear words in it. It doesn't matter what they are. In fact once you have one line of lyric it can repeat like a radish, viz.:

Baby, oh baby, why ya gotta be that way?

Baby, oh baby, why ya gotta be that way?

Baby, oh baby, why ya gotta be that way?

Baby, oh baby, why ya gotta be that way?

For the "middle," anything. Just rock with that ol' beat. Off the cuff, how about this?

Took a drink of water,

Didn't cost a dime,

Took a lousy drink of water,

Hadn't got no wine—but . . .

And back to your theme to finish. Then it's just a matter of finding a contagious title. In this case, why not "Why Ya Gotta Be That Way"? Or even "Baby, oh Baby." Though, come

to think of it, "Took a Drink of Water" might not be too bad at that. Sometimes a hyphen helps. (This is a hyphen: "-"). If you altered your lyric to "Baby-oh" you could title the work "Baby-oh," and it might easily sell a million.

Novelty numbers are something of a specialist field and come in two subdivisions—the straight novelty, which involves such effects as train-whistles, bird-song, clocks striking, footsteps echoing, horses galloping in the sky, or musical-boxes being wound up, and comedy, which is strictly for laughs and needs an inspired and witty idea—such as a tongue-twisting punch-line ("Does this shop stock shot socks with spots?") or a vocalist who can impersonate a man with a stutter. Both are tough propositions. The wisest course is to make your name with ballads first, and postpone the novelty attempts until you've a cast-iron contract with the a. & r.* man. Though, naturally, if you've made a big hit with something called "Strangers to Love Were We," and then bring him an offering about two woodpeckers courting in a bass fiddle he may ask you to change your name.

(b) The Music

Again, your own diffidence is your worst enemy. To-day is a day of startling advance in the arts, and it is no longer necessary to be a composer to compose music, or even a musician. So be a real sharp chick, and get cleffing. Look at Our Tommy*—a little boy just like you, who once thought *allegretto* was Italian for crocodile, and now he's written *Rock Around the Town*, *Teenage Party*, *Elevator Rock* and *Rebel Rock*.

(If you don't wanna do it, don't/Say you're gonna do it, don't/When you're at home and your life's your own.)

What you want is a tune, and there are three ways to get it. One, sit at a piano and strum around until a succession of notes takes on a shape; check in your mind, in case it's already been composed, like *God Save the Queen*, and if not you've composed it. Way number two, whistle it. Way number three, go to some long-hair concerts until you hear an obvious theme. Most of these, especially by Tchaikovsky, have been marketed already, so take care, or someone may sue you. But at the time of going to press the main theme of the Brahms violin concerto is still available.

Whatever method you use, the vital thing is to keep whistling the melody until you can contact an agent, manager or a. & r. man. If this looks like taking some time, run round to the church organist, who will be only too pleased to dot it down. However, remember that you get only 6½ per cent on sales, and if he asks for a cut and his name on the label as co-composer you'll find it cheaper in the long run to take a guinea's-worth of lessons from him—just enough to master the lines and spaces in the treble clef.

Never mind the almond icing;* the disc company's arranger will see to that.

3. The Performer

A singing star is the end product of an industry, in which the workers include the P.R.O.,* the disc columnist, the D.J.,* the manager, the agent, the a. & r. man, the publicity departments of record companies, the man who draws the blonde hoydens busting out of their bodices for the platter sleeves,* and Radio Luxembourg.

The P.R.O. spend his days concocting



beautiful hogwash with which to bombard the disc columnist. Great thick wads of this come thudding through the columnist's letter-box every day, and he is obliged to pick his way through pages and pages of it—

This new disc phenomina . . .

Terry says his eyes are Chamelon . . . they change from hazel to blue to grey.

In June '57 Kathie travelled 10,483 miles for TV, radio and "live" shows.

Mum, a year younger, gave birth to their only son in St. Thomas's Hospital—just spitting distance from their wee home situated over a sweet shop.

. . . dark-haired youngster who has aroused a following perhaps unparalleled in intensity in show business.

Fans to-day like their idols to be between eight and seventeen years old. Over this age their efforts are liable to be drowned by cries of "Where's your wheel chair?" and "Who let you out of the almshouse?" This, incidentally, is why most pop numbers are teen-slanted.* Usually the lad's first waxing will be issued to coincide with his

sixteenth birthday and the publication of his life story in *N.M.E.** ("It's Tough Living Up To It All, Says Terry Dene.") Their first film usually comes later, after they've started shaving.

Night after night the would-be idols pack the skiffle* clubs and Espresso bars, complete with guitars, fashionable haircuts, chewing-gum and gimmicks, and take it in turns to be disc-overed. The din in these places is something frightful, what with adoring young girls (they adore at the drop of a top G nowadays) fainting among the Danish pastry and disc-overers squabbling about who saw him first. On an average three discoveries are made every fortnight, and sooner or later the columnists are going to be sick and tired of trying to find different words in which to present the same success story about one dynamic child after another.

To be disc-overed it is not enough that the would-be idol can make the contemporary noises: he or she must also be able to go through the motions, on account of TV, topping the bill, etc. The traditional stance for the male is as follows: Legs straddled, shoulders hunched, and spasmodic jerkings of the limbs, the whole effect suggesting an attempt to get comfortable on a motor-bike. Female attitudes comprise a regular raising and lowering of the arms, as if testing the weight of a long baby; the palms may be turned up or down as the sentiment of the lyric dictates. Composers and lyrists should remember that their eight-bar melodic phrase should as far as possible fill the whole eight bars; singers left with a bar and a half's rest don't always know what to do with themselves, and if inexperienced may fill in by picking their teeth or arranging their clothing.

The man who does the disc-overing is either a manager or a

man who knows a manager. Either way he's due to own a piece of the property before long. If he's a manager he says "Look, kid. Maybe you got something, maybe you ain't. I'm gonna take a chance with you. I'll feed you, clothe you, have you washed, get you singing lessons, fix your



teeth, straighten your ears, find you a judy or a mother or whatever fits the gimmick, learn you to walk proper and fling your arms about, and generally be your be-all and end-all. I'll get this number of yours wrote up posh for you, hire a band and a studio, get a record made at a cost of anything up to three hundred nicker, and see if I can flog it. If we click, we click. If we don't click after six months you're back serving in the chip-shop where you come from, and I'm out a packet. If we do click I'll start paying you if and when the lolly starts coming in. See?"

And he does. He graciously pays the lad whatever the lad is smart enough to get out of him—sometimes as much as thirty per cent of the lad's earnings, which start being announced to the public as fabulous when they reach forty pounds a week.

The man the manager tries to flog the recording to is the a. & r. man of one of the record companies. Upon the shoulders of these specialists rests the grave responsibility of deciding who and what shall be recorded for sale to the avidly waiting army of tots, which accounts for the fact that they tend to go about their business heavily disguised, in armoured cars.

Once the decision to wax has been taken the big promotion guns begin their barrage, so that by the time the



tots actually get their first hearing of the new idol they are already fully familiar with his fictitious history, the size of his shoes, the colour of his bedspread, the reactions of his auntie, the extent of his genius, the title of the film he may make, and the number of times when he didn't know where to turn for the price of an Edwardian suit before he got his big break. A few months later, with any luck, he's in a steady job in a factory, the tots have embroidered somebody else's name on their jumpers, his records have been melted down to make vases, and nobody even cares who he was.

4. Conclusion, or What Does It All Mean?

If for what seems to you a good and sufficient reason, you should happen to wish to add to your collection a record (or even a waxing) of the Vegh String Quartet playing the Quartet No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 51, No. 1 by Brahms, you would be well advised not



to try to buy it on a Saturday afternoon. For one thing, unless you pick your record shop with some cunning, your request is likely to be met with some

such query as "Is it in the Top Ten?" or "No, but I have Little Richard singing *Jenny Jenny*" or simply "Are you pulling my leg?" For another thing, no matter how well stocked the shop, it will also quite certainly be bursting at the seams with bright-eyed, iced-lolly-fed, crew-cut, pony-tailed, crêpe-soled, drainpipe-trousered, groovy little Britons, all clamouring in Hammer-smith-Georgia accents for *Forty Cups of Coffee*, *Bluejean Bop*, *Bring a Little Water Sylvie*, *Rock-a-Beatin' Boogie*, *When Liberace Winks at Me*, *My Dream Sonata*, or *Where in the World is Billy?* There will be five wedged in every listening-booth, a dozen or so lying across the counter, an overflow jiggling up and down in the store-room, and a queue outside the door. You might as well go home.

Apart from this, the whole business has no significance whatever. It is just a Chamelon phenomina perhaps unparalleled in intensity in the history of the civilized world.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

Almond Icing. Corruption of "Harmonizing." Adding a piano score to the composer's top line.

A. & R. Man. (usu. "a. & r.") Artistes and Repertoire Manager of a disc company.

Backing. The side of a disc that never gets played, because it was bought for the other. Also Coupling, Flipside, Flipdeck or just plain Flip.

Boy. Male pop singer. An important item of merchandize.

Cleffer. Composer.

C. & W. (usu. "c. & w.") Country and Western, a style of song and/or singing involving the use of the home-made fiddle and Jew's-harp.

Cut, to. To record. Cut a title, cut a side. Also Wax.

Cut-up. The agreed division of a singer's earnings among agents, managers, publicists, a. & r. men, lyrists, composers, arrangers, bandleaders, and anyone else who happens to be in the office at the time.

D.J. Disc jockey. An extension of a

gramophone company's publicity organization, operating through the medium of wireless telegraphy.

Lonnie. Pop name with pop singers.

Lonnie Satin, Lonnie Donegan, etc.

Middle Eight. Bars 17 to 24 inclusive of a 32-bar song. They have to be different from the other 24.

N.M.E. "New Musical Express." A weekly journal.

Plug Status. This is said to be attained by a disc attracting enough sales to warrant an all-out drive by the publicity men, such as cocktails for D.J.s.

P.R.O. Don't you know *anything*?

R. & B. (usu. "r. & b.") Rhythm and Blues, a style of composing and/or singing. Pre-Rock 'n' Roll. Can also mean "Read & Busk" under "Engagements Wanted" in musical press.

Rock-flavoured. A melody with R. & B. possibilities is so designated.

R. & R. (usu. "r. & r.") Rock 'n' Roll, an obsolescent vogue.

Ronnie. Pop name for pop singers. Ronnie Hilton, Ronnie Carroll, etc.

Sarah, Divine. Miss Sarah Vaughan, a coloured thrush.

Skiffle. The musical equivalent of the Do It Yourself Movement. Very popular with guitar manufacturers.

Sleeve. Cardboard cover for discs, usually rich in art work.

Sleeve Writer. Musical journalist reduced to supplying critical, informative and biographical matter for record-covers.

Teen-slanted. Aimed at the teenage market, as what isn't?

Thrush. Girl singer.

Tommy, Our. Mr. Tommy Steele.

T.P.A. Tin Pan Alley. Sometimes known as "The Alley." A territory of no known geographical limits, populated by all in the music business.

Vaughan. Pop name for pop singers. Frankie Vaughan, Malcolm Vaughan, Sarah Vaughan, etc.

Yule L.P. Long-playing record designed for the Christmas (Xmas) market. E.g. "I'm Asking Santa Claus to Bring Me You," *Valse*.



Shock Absorber

By RICHARD MALLET

"It's a . . . troublesome point to explain," said the man. "Even my—" He paused again. He had been about to say that even his wife couldn't really see what he meant, but he reflected that if he said this the policeman might collect the inference: even his wife couldn't get it, so goodness knows a policeman would hardly—

They were in a street in the City, late on a wet night. No other human being was visible. The man had just left an almost-empty pub; the policeman had been ambling along conscientiously trying doors. He looked about and

considered that there might be no harm in a little talk to pass the time, and he said to the man: "Well, now. All I wondered was were you all right. I thought perhaps—"

"You thought perhaps a fit, I imagine."

"Well, yes, sir, I did. After coming along so quietly, and then all of a sudden hitting around with your stick and coughing, and nobody there—it was not unnatural on my part. Thirty-two years ago—"

"You were in the Force thirty-two years ago?" said the man keenly.

"Bless you, no, this was my uncle. Thirty-two years ago he gave a man artificial respiration for less than that. It was at the corner of Ivy Lane, in Paternoster Row. About half-past ten at night it was, just like now, but darker, of course."

"Darker?"

"No moon," said the policeman. "What was it you were saying?"

The man cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "you see this corner here?" He raised his stick to point.

The policeman nodded, watching the traffic-lights a little farther on.

"I thought there was somebody coming round it," said the man.

There was a pause, during which no sound was to be heard except the intermittent buzzing of a defective neon sign displaying the word NOW!

"I was just coming along here, and I didn't see or hear you, I thought I was quite alone in *this* street—"

"That's what they're for, these rubber soles," the policeman explained indulgently. "And the dark blue."

"Yes, well—And then just as I got near the corner," the man went on, "I thought I heard, well—sort of *breathing*."

"Round the corner?"

"Yes. And—"

"Very quiet it is here, nights," the policeman agreed. "You *can* hear breathing sometimes. When there is any, I mean."

"I thought there was some," said the man. "And I thought a bit of rustling and so on, stuff like that, as if somebody was coming. And—well—I didn't want to make him jump."

"Jump?"

"When he suddenly saw me. I knew he couldn't hear me," said the man, "because I've got rubber soles, too."

"Ah, crêpe. Dangerous they can be, in the wet," the policeman observed after a pause. He looked at the man reflectively. A car and a taxi went past, and he looked reflectively at them.

"You see," the man said, "coming on me suddenly round the corner, when he'd been expecting an absolutely empty street—it would have given him a shock."

"That's right. Really amuses me



"This is Agent X5W. For heaven's sake send help! The President has been replaced by a twelve-man military junta!"

sometimes," said the policeman, "the way they—sometimes when I—"

The man's face fell into gloomier lines. "I mean," he said—"I mean I didn't *want* to make him jump. Just the same way, when I'm walking down the stairs at my block of flats, and I realize from some breathing or rustling or something that there's someone waiting for the lift, all alone, round the next corner, I deliberately make a noise. So that—" He paused again and said "I did tell you it was troublesome to explain."

After a little meditation the policeman said "I reckon it shows your nice nature." He grinned, with the idea of jollying the man out of such unhealthy fancies. "You don't want 'em to feel silly. Let 'em get the shock over while nobody's looking."

"That may be part of it, but it's also *selfish*, it's as if I were trying to avoid the shock to *me* of seeing the shock to *them*."

"The shock to *you*," the policeman repeated slowly, swallowing.

"Yes."

"Of making someone *else* jump."

"Yes."

Ships hooted distantly on the river. Another car went past, braking noisily at the lights as a bus crossed.

"My wife says it's really selfishness," said the man.

The policeman looked relieved. "Ah," he said, "your wife knows about this, then?"

"Oh, yes. Annoys her like anything, though she doesn't really get the point. She'd be with me now and there wouldn't have been any *need* for me to make a noise, because of her high heels, you know, only she's fond of ballet."

"In high heels?" said the policeman with a sharp look.

"Watching it, I mean. And I'm not. So that's where she is to-night, with her sister. I understand there was some question—" He paused. He was proud of his French accent, but in these circumstances— He thought Oh, well, and went on "—some question of somebody's wonderful—" He hesitated again, realizing that he should not have had that last drink.

The policeman looked inquiring, and the man with a touch of defiance said "Entrechat. It's a—"

"Gesundheit," said the policeman, adding affably. "You quite made me jump."



There are Abstracts at the Bottom of My Garden

"At times the effect of these beings with their heavy bodies and thin, stiff limbs jutting out at right angles is affectionately playful."

Art Critic of *The Times* on modern sculpture

I AM readily affectionate and strangely playful,
My emotional response is rather delicate than deep.
I am very quickly smitten by the picture of a kitten
With a caption saying "Hush pussy, baby is asleep."

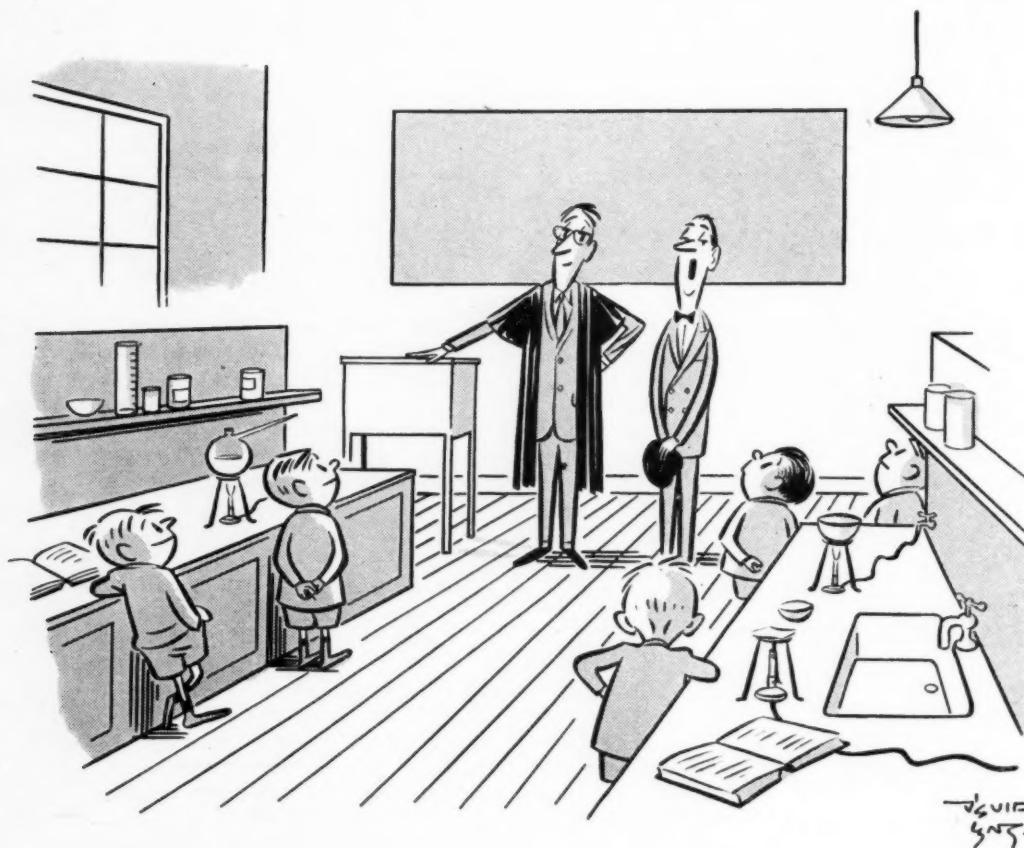
The whimsy Disney animals and Atwell children
Awake in me emotions that I hardly like to tell;
I adore the little creatures with ingratiating features
Who personify the products they are publicized to sell.

But it never had occurred to me that modern sculpture
Inspired much affection or was jocularly meant;
I'd have put it poles apart from contemporary art
To be anything but sinister and sombre in intent.

I have never thought that anyone could smile at Hepworth
Or that quaintness was a quality to which she would aspire,
I have never seen, before, how much fun there is in Moore
Or the more endearing qualities of Butler's bits of wire.

Being now rebuked, I will love these creatures,
Indulging all the oddness I was ready to condemn:
I will view their bodies' weight as a quaintly comic trait,
And when they jut out their little limbs I'll jut out mine to them.

P. M. HUBBARD



"And we at the Ministry of Power feel confident that the future of our great country lies safely in the hands of you technology chaps."

A Cure for Chary Feet

By TOM GIRTIN

I'M fixing a pretty glittering eye on Her Majesty's Postmaster-General these days in case he tries, under cover of his more publicized increases, to slip in a rise in the cost of a Registered Telegraphic Address. After all, choosing a T.A. is the nearest that most of us can ever hope to get to the proprietary pleasure of naming a racehorse in an allusive manner that is both deliciously apt to its parentage and at the same time gives, like the filly "L'Orgueilleuse," something for the bookmakers on the rails to wrap their great furry tongues around. Moreover a telegraphic address has the advantage over the ownership of a racehorse that it is still an inexpensive pleasure. And at a mere 18/9d. for three whole months there seems no end

to the possibilities the thing opens up. "It makes small firms into big ones and big into still greater," promises the Postmaster-General. What it does to the private individual he makes no attempt to say.

The rules are, for a government department, refreshingly simple: a telegraphic address must be of not more than ten letters and easy to pronounce. (It is interesting to compare the German postal regulations where words such as "*Alpaccawarenfabrik-Pfaffenhofen*" are the rule rather than the exception.) Applications may be made to the Post Office in writing or preferably—the word is Her Majesty's Postmaster-General's, not mine—by a personal call. The return for the

modest sum demanded includes the right to one free entry in *Sell's Directory of Telegraphic Addresses* (*Business Directories Ltd.*, 80/-).

Unfortunately for the would-be borrower the latest edition of this invaluable vade-mecum is not, as I quickly discovered, to be found on every bookshelf, but a journey to the library of the General Post Office Headquarters in St. Martin-le-Grand will well repay the trouble and expense; to browse amongst these two thousand and seventy-two pages, handsomely bound as they are in scarlet boards, is to be transported into a wonderland of unbridled imagination.

Racehorse-owners *manqués* abound on every page: they include solicitors

called Smiles or Proudfoot who have archly chosen for the telegraphic addresses of their firms "Mirth" or "Haughty" and gentlemen called Bird or Love who elect to appear under the sobriquet of "Popinjay" or "jealousy." The Postmaster-General describes this sort of thing as "A Business Courtesy That Pays Dividends." And he adds—

In the hectic rush of modern commerce every keen business man or firm is constantly on the outlook for short cuts to success. He has long realized that every conceivable obstacle between seller and purchaser must be removed. The way must be made smooth and plain for the often chary feet of the new customer . . .

Many of those represented in this work seem to feel that this revolutionary ideal may best be achieved by simply allowing their telegraphic addresses to echo in unequivocal terms the nature of their trades. "Kiddicaps," "Babifoods," "Chixandux," "Awlphilms," "Sportigame" and "Toupetchic" are fair examples of a type of entry in which I am inclined to include the cool efficient-sounding "Krispender" which has long been familiar to the *cognoscenti* as an amalgam of the courteous editors of *Encounter*.

"There is something about a Registered Telegraphic Address," says the Postmaster-General enticingly, "that impresses the customer: obviously the firm is anxious to serve and employs modern methods and efficiency is to be expected." Perhaps I am an awkward customer who is insufficiently easily impressed, but the heating and ventilating engineer who invites me to address him as "Nonplussed," the blouse-manufacturer who chooses "Laughable"

and the mantlemaker who confesses himself "Orderless" seem to me to be setting about it the wrong way.

So, for that matter, do the solicitors who call themselves "Illogical," "Nebulum" and "Gum Tree": as for "Motionless," "Boredom," "Fiddle" and "Unmasked" there must be many who will feel with me that such addresses are frankly unwise, even though possibly given in jest, for firms of stockbrokers. Far more attractive to the new investor must be the jolly firm from which, no doubt, all Stock Exchange stories emanate—Telegraphic Address: "Ohoho."

Indeed for a prospective customer of sensibility the directory should be of the greatest value: to chary feet hesitating before the respective claims of rival sausage-skin manufacturers the information that the telegraphic style of one is "Intestines" and of the other "Guts" may well prove decisive. And newspaper proprietors looking for someone capable of handling the court news in a manner becoming to a property-owning democracy could hardly do better than to send a telegram right away to the journalist entered as "Trespasser."

I am sorry to say that public bodies seem to display, on the whole, a disappointing lack of originality, although from this criticism I am prepared to exclude the Board of Trade ("Boneblack"), the National Union of Railwaymen ("Beware"), and the Bath Club whose "Pellicudly" brings back nostalgic memories of the detergent-free days of yesteryear. But I have still to be convinced that "Mameluke," which according to the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* is a "member of a military body

(orig. Caucasian slaves) that seized throne of Egypt in 1254," is entirely apt for the Cavalry Club.

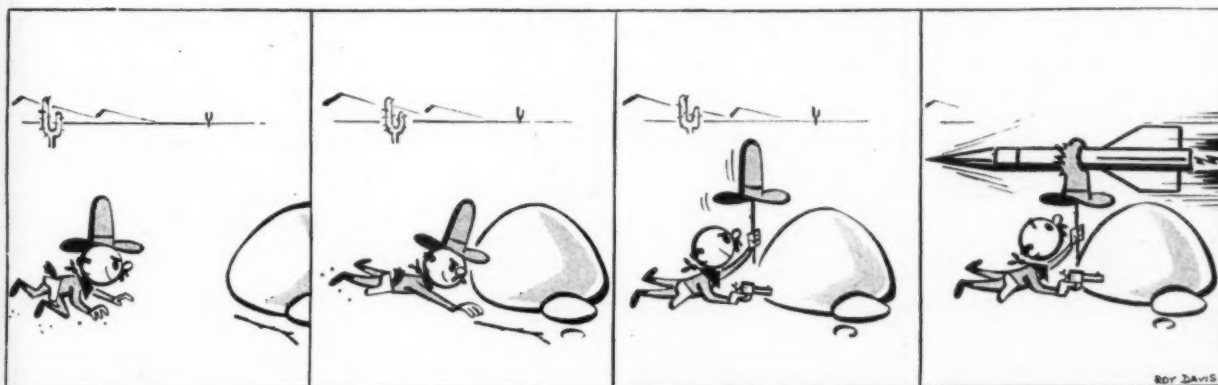
As a matter of fact the train of thought behind many of the entries is a little obscure. Although many writers will agree that "Barabbas" is not wholly unsuitable for a firm of publishers, and while it is just possible to trace a rather cynical connection between "Drinkable" and a finance company, what kind of Board of Directors dreamed up a telegraphic address such as "Quiciodat" (bran and fodder importers), "Abelard" (machine tools), "Dogfish" (precision woodworkers), "Septicide" (music publishers), "Paddywhack" (sporting hosiers) and "Paphos" (an hotel in Kensington)?

In a volume of this size, crammed as it is with good things, I find it hard to pick out my favourite passages. But for lingering pleasure those entries in which name and postal district and trade come together in fascinating combination must rank high: if ever I have the misfortune to have trouble with my car in South London "Pushfully, Toot" shall be my first choice of motor engineers. And the very next time I am asked, as I constantly am, to recommend a reliable firm of wholesale offal importers I shall reply instantly and with confidence "Send a wire to 'Wiffo, Cent.'"

"BABY WALKS
AT SIX
MONTHS—ON
PORRIDGE."

Daily Express

Quieter than corn flakes, anyhow.



Set Fair

By CLAUD COCKBURN

PEOPLE who cannot help wondering what, at this juncture, and things being what they are, other people—especially those on high levels—are personally busy at, are glad to have accurate information of this kind about, for instance, an Admiral of the United States Navy.

He has been engaged on compilation of an expert report on whether it is going to be (a) easy, (b) difficult, (c) possible, (d) impossible to stop rain falling in Killarney, Ireland, by day, and make it rain all, or part of, the night instead. Certainly: the above statement can be repeated at dictation speed for the benefit of the easily surprised. Hardly anyone on a panel of Admirals-guessed that that was his line, but it was. His name is Bennett. Admiral Bennett.

News of the development was brought to Ireland last week by Mr. Andrew G. Haley of Washington, who has a line too. He is described as a "rocket

lawyer." That is what it says—"rocket lawyer." Being that has made him enormously rich, naturally. To clear your mind, think of the steam engine. What, aside from the Age of Steam and part of Civilization, did it cause? It caused litigation. (Remember Boulton and Watt v. Hornblower, 1799—just one patent dispute after another?) Same with rockets, jets and the rest of it. Nobody gets within beeping distance of the stratosphere without a posse of lawyers to tune up the patents.

This explains Mr. A. G. Haley, who has just been elected World President of the International Aeronautical Federation, so far, and after that the picture gets a little simpler, because he is a friend of Mr. Stuart Robertson, who organized the syndicate of beauty-loving Americans which "bought Killarney." These two have been in touch with the Admiral in order to bring the latter's energy and expertise to bear on this matter of a man buying an estate

and finding rain coming down during the day, which, quite frankly, from a real-estate man's point of view, is simply not good enough.

(It is much to be hoped that anyone inclined to titter at this kind of scientific investigation will go to a monsoon and stay with it. Or are you one of those parlour rain-lovers who are always on about the wonders and achievements of rain but wouldn't live two hours in a shower if you paid them? In any case, scientists hate being laughed at. They are like Greek gods. Not always physically, but in character and temperament. "Just for that," they are apt to say, "we will leave your climate the way it is unless twenty leading laymen consent to sacrifice their daughters yearly to the school of applied electronics.")

Assuming, as one certainly does, that the whole thing goes ahead like a breeze, there may be some hope not only for Dublin but also—although this is one of those possibilities which are best not over-emphasized at the start lest the inevitable later hitches and setbacks bring disappointment, disillusion and apathy—the bits of Wales and England more or less opposite.

For Mr. Robertson (and how proud one would be to meet and shake the hand of the man of pithy wit and eye for the colourful phrase who first dubbed him "Mr. Killarney") is known by members of what Mr. Robertson dubs "the International Social Set" to have now bought a Tudor residence and such, up near Bray and Dublin, to put some of these members in, and the International Social Set has just as much right to have the rain turned off between breakfast and dinner as any man-jack in Killarney, unless of course you are one of those inverted snobs who thinks there's something noble and progressive in the spectacle of the insularly non-social flaunting their sun-glasses while members of the Set slink about in their pathetic macintoshes, often reduced to begging the loan of an umbrella from a sneering ex-peasant.

With, as has been said, beneficial results for more or less neighbouring territories north, east, south and west of County Wicklow, where this Tudor place, Old Conna Hall, is situated.



Assuming, that is, that the effects are not, so far as these outlying areas are concerned, the very converse of the desired, so that, driven from the skies above the Hall, the rain will come down yet more continuously elsewhere, jostling for what remains of its newly-restricted raining-space.

If that is what Mr. Robertson has in mind we would warn him that he is playing with fire. It may be all well enough in Florida, which it would be both ungrateful and tasteless to criticize. But, seek to deny it who may, Florida is not, repeat *not*, Anglesey. That is a point which our American friends would do well to bear in mind.

There are those who defend the right of members in good standing of the I.S.S.—and if all its members would turn out for meetings when convened there would be no danger of this great dog of a body being wagged by its all too vigorous tail as is at present not infrequently the case—to take their sun where they find it and shrug while North Wales drowns.

"*A côté de nous le déluge*," one prospective inhabitant of Old Conna Hall is reported to have remarked recently to a fellow Set-member in Venice.

"That," remarked, with some acerbity, a bystander who until that moment had been assumed to be one of the Younger Krupp Set, "is the kind of thing that lets the Set down. It is a type of thinking foreign to the West European conception of democracy."

"Sorry," riposted the other, who up to that moment had been assumed to be Ava Gardner. "I just wasn't thinking. Not," she added, "West-European conceptually."

"Into each life some rain must fall," gently commented the Grand Duke of Sigmaringen-Pestalozzi. For it was he, and he had already been selected as a member of the *Khrushchevo-Kankerz*—the jumping team expected to carry all before it at next year's competition for the Aga Khan Cup during the Dublin Horse Show.

It is intimate *aperçus* like this which can help to explain Mr. Robertson's feeling about Killarney and Conna Hall. Among reporters who questioned him recently there seemed to be an impression that the two projects might clash. Not so, Mr. Robertson indicated. Each will serve "a different class." The

I.S.S. members will stay where they are. What Mr. Robertson—referring to the Floridan settlers in Killarney—describes as "the red bloods" will stay in Killarney.

Last year a man who had—under, one supposes, some misapprehension—hooked on to Mr. Robertson's party as they did the round of the Hunt Balls and Stately Homes, said that he had come to Ireland to see thatched cottages and looms. He expressed his dissatisfaction. It was a sad occurrence, but may have been constructive in

giving Mr. Robertson this idea that what, above all, is needed for a successful get-together is to keep people apart.

And now, friend, are you a red blood, and the lakes and skies of Killarney singing in your heart like it was Crosby and you and me together at Rockefeller Plaza? Or is it to the International Social Set ye belong?

Just sign in the right column now—d'you hear me?—and we'll see you right. Rain? At noonday? That's no rain, 'tis the leprechauns fair sobbing for joy.



Sir Hugh Foot

On His New Appointment

WITH Dingle landed on the Labour beach,
And Michael adding freedom to "Free Speech,"
May you tread firmly down the Cyprus street
Planting one Right instead of two Left Feet.

J. B. B.



"It's been done."



In the City

Building Societies and Others

SO attractive are the interest rates now being offered by companies anxious to nurse and cherish our savings that I was only mildly shocked the other day to catch a headline screaming

50% AND NO STRINGS

A rapid mental calculation convinced me that I should soon be able to retire to a modest villa in the south of France and still have left enough income from capital to pay my club membership dues (country member's rates) without too much pinching and scraping. Then I read on. It turned out that the 50 per cent referred not to interest but to a no-claim bonus for trouble-free motorists. Still it was exciting enough while the misapprehension lasted.

It is now possible to get as much as ten per cent on deposit with a number of industrial and H.P. bankers. Advertisements appear in reputable papers offering.

8½% INTEREST
8½% INTEREST
SAVE BY MAIL
SOUND BALANCE SHEET, SUBSTANTIAL CAPITAL, ADEQUATE RESERVES, EASY WITHDRAWALS

and
— FINANCE
PAYS 9% ON DEPOSITS

8½% PER YEAR
WE ARE A SCOTTISH FIRM, BELIEVING IN THRIFT, CAUTION AND GOOD SENSE, AND WE INSIST ON KEEPING A GOOD LIQUIDITY RATION—NEVER LESS THAN 10%

By contrast the 3½ per cent (income tax free) of the building societies may seem pretty modest, and investors may be puzzled to know why the movement has managed to avoid a readjustment of its rates. The Building Societies Association has three hundred and forty-eight members, most of them large, and with the Halifax (not a member of the Association) represents more than ninety per cent of the movement's assets. It has been waiting, presumably, to see whether higher Bank Rate would be followed by an upgrading of the interest rates offered by the National Savings Movement, to which building society rates are indirectly geared. Better terms for certificates would obviously mean some transference of deposit funds

from the societies to National Savings and this in time would force the Association to offer investors a higher return. But the N.S.M. has, so far, made no announcement—to the satisfaction of all who regard current interest rates as emergency measures and national debt as a mill-

stone round the Treasury's neck.

Building society investment is regarded by most people as virtually gilt-edged, and this view (in spite of the odd black sheep among smaller societies) is a reasonable assessment: the larger societies, certainly, are such important units of national finance that no government could allow them to run into desperate straits. Obviously, the

dramatic changes in interest rates have had their effect on the societies' deposits: there have been withdrawals by people anxious to take advantage of the lovely lolly temptingly displayed by industrial bankers and hire-purchase companies, but there have also been new deposits from people unwilling to burn their fingers again in the embers of equities. On balance the movement seems to have suffered little as yet, and it is very much in the national interest that the Association's standstill recommendations should remain in force.

At present, allowing for their special tax concessions, the societies are offering just over six per cent to shareholders and depositors. Mortgage rates are six per cent and upwards and the squeeze can be made fully effective without increasing the house owner's burden.

MAMMON

In the Country



Fresh Woods . . .

THREE letters were delivered to me one day last week: the first, a demand for tithes. This tax was originally levied *in kind*, a contribution from the farmer's harvest. If there were no harvest, then there was no payment. But now one has to pay tithes *in cash* whether the harvest is gathered or not. The Middle Ages had a better sense of justice. The second letter was a note from a local committee informing me that I had not their permission to build with my own stone on my own land. The third was a pamphlet from British Columbia.

This last makes more cheerful reading. It is Bulletin No. 10, entitled "Purchase and Lease of Crown Lands" and is issued by the Department of Lands and Forest at Victoria.

From the first paragraph, it is open-handed: "For the purchase of Crown Lands, applications are received from persons of the full age of twenty-one years for land for agricultural purposes, not under forty or over six hundred and forty acres in extent. The minimum price is five dollars per acre for first-class open tracts of land suitable for agricultural purposes or wild-hay meadow lands; two dollars and fifty cents per acre for second-class—i.e. land capable of being brought under

cultivation and does not contain hay meadows."

It seems, too, that you can buy a chunk of Canada on hire purchase. "If the purchase price is large enough, the deposit may

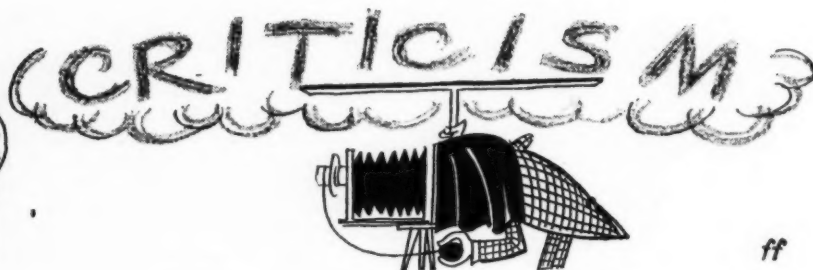
be made up to one-quarter of the purchase price with the balance in one, two or three years with interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum on deferred payments."

It seems too true to be good. But I simply quote from the pamphlet. "Any person desiring a lease or purchase of land must first stake it. He will place securely in the ground or in a stone mound at one corner or angle a legal post—a post at least 4 inches square and standing 4 feet above ground and upon this inscribe his name and the angle or corner it marks, thus: 'A.B.'s North East Corner' or as the case may be."

The only clauses limiting rights of purchase are that the full Crown grant is not made till complete payment is made; existing rights of way are reserved; and finally, the right to purchase surveyed or unsurveyed tracts "does not extend to aborigines of this continent, except to such as have obtained permission of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council."

But this last clause need not worry those to whom this tease is aimed: the commuters and straphangers on the 8.10 who work to earn £25 per week in order to pay their living expenses enabling them to work to earn £25 per week.

RONALD DUNCAN



ff

BOOKING OFFICE

The Jowler

Jowett. Geoffrey Faber. Faber, 30/-

WHEN I went up to Balliol in 1923 some vestige of the former greatness of the college remained, at least in the minds of persons unconnected with the University. When they heard the name they would say "So you are one of the clever men!" conveying acutely to oneself their own sense of uneasiness at this suspicion. All the same, it was not exactly "cleverness" that seems to have given those mythological Balliol men of the past their by no means universally loved reputation. There was also, so it appears, a certain indefinable panache. This quality was begotten by Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, 1870-1893; and finally dissipated by A. D. Lindsay (later Lord Lindsay of Birker), Master of Balliol, 1924-1949.

Sir Geoffrey Faber has written an enthralling life of Jowett, taking it easy, and pausing to examine all kind of problems and personages on the way. He would, I think, be the first to admit that we still do not know exactly what constituted Jowett's peculiar power as a tutor and head of a house: classicist, theologian, social figure, a personality often disliked, but dominating the Oxford of his time. All a biographer can do is to point to certain happenings and characteristics and record his own conclusions, allowing for a margin of error. This Sir Geoffrey always shows himself willing to do.

Born in 1817, the son of an unsuccessful furrier of Yorkshire origin, Jowett was educated at St. Paul's, and had a lonely, depressing boyhood. Always a prodigious worker, he was in perpetual danger of being unable to complete his education owing to the indigence of his parents, whom he supported with the best part of his own earnings, scanty enough, during his early years as a don.

Innumerable anecdotes are told of Jowett, his speech traditionally recounted in a high falsetto voice. There can be no doubt that he remained all

his life outside the world of physical passion. This did not prevent him possessing in some ways a curious grasp of that world's problems, and some of the entries in his diary show an understanding that to-day would almost suggest a reading of Dr. Jung's works. He had a lifelong friendship with Florence Nightingale, and it was thought by his contemporaries that they might marry. Sir Geoffrey indicates the incongruity of such a notion, but does not

There can be no doubt that Jowett liked "success" in his young men, and the suggestion is that his own early struggles had given him an innate leaning towards the promotion of worldly security for others. On the other hand, this taste seems not to have taken an offensive or narrow form. It was eminently catholic, including Milner at one end of the scale and Swinburne at the other.

The minor characters in the book are excellently done. We are given some grim glimpses of some of the products of Arnold's Rugby, and the author administers a terrific and well deserved excoriation to Lytton Strachey for innuendo and literary vulgarity where Jowett and Florence Nightingale are concerned. It is interesting to learn that Jowett's first step on becoming Master of Balliol was an attempt to improve the college's cooking.

ANTHONY POWELL



rule out the possibility that Jowett was for a time "in love" with her.

Much of the book is occupied with the religious controversies of the time. *Eternal Punishment: Geology and the Bible: Bishop Colenso: these were matters that might easily affect a man's capacity to earn a living if he was in the educational world.* One cannot help being struck by the toughness of the Victorians in facing these subjects: tougher in many ways than our own generation. Jowett had taken Holy Orders and was "Broad Church"—his opponents thought so "broad" as to embrace complete disbelief; but the picture given here does not bear out such a view.

Pam's Papa

Portrait of a Whig Peer. Compiled from the papers of the Second Viscount Palmerston, 1739-1802, by Brian Connell. André Deutsch, 30/-

This selection from the correspondence and journals of the father of a more famous son was well worth making. Its title lacks precision, for, as a devout Pittite, the second Palmerston was a Whig with a difference; as a peer of Ireland he sat (like his son) in the Commons, and as a portraitist he is disappointing. His impersonality indeed is regrettable, for he knew many distinguished men and was himself a man of many interests: an inveterate traveller with an observant eye, a connoisseur of the arts, the intelligent employer of Capability Brown and Henry Holland. He was moreover a first-rate reporter, as witness his accounts of the Regency crisis of 1788 and of the debates in the National Assembly after the flight to Varennes. And if the more human qualities of Elizabeth Sheridan's "good natured poetical stuttering viscount" have largely to be inferred, they are reflected in the affection which he

inspired in his family. There is humanity enough in the letters of his amusing second wife, and of a younger Henry Temple emerging into a livelier manhood.

F. B.

The Matador. Henry de Montherlant. Elek, 15/-

M. de Montherlant began this novel, we are told, at the age of fifteen; and Alban, the protagonist, is the same age at the opening of the book. His father, the Comte de Bricoule, "who faced life confidently in a top hat, a faultlessly tailored lounge suit and a loosely knotted bow," is against allowing the boy to shave for fear that he might appear bohemian or æsthetic. An *aficionado* early in life, Alban soon discovers, on a Sevillian ranch, "the civilizing and heroic role which woman plays"—in the person of Soledad, daughter of his host, the Duke de la Cuesta. His approach is chivalrous and romantic—the extreme reverse of that later employed by Costals: and Soledad haughtily agrees to let him kiss her ("Nothing to-day") providing he kills a "criminal" bull in her honour. Full of colour and fire, ably translated by Peter Wiles, this is the author's most sympathetic work published to date: the backgrounds and bullfighting scenes are magnificently described.

J. M-R.

Come, Landlord! Tom Girtin. Hutchinson, 15/-

There is a nice professionalism about the author of this book, both as publican and writer, and his account of his stewardship of the Black Dog at Waters' End is told in prose as cheery and well-ordered as his pub must have been. In spite of the title there is none of that monstrous nonsense about inn fires, and deep thatch, and the heroic virtue of ale. Much of the book has to do with the seamy, the shabby and the frustrated. Like the doctor and the lawyer the licensed victualler has close opportunity for observing the lunatic fringe, and here is enough character and to spare for several British films. Mr. Girtin lets some interesting cats out of the bag—about brewers and beer and short change and dud cheques and police informers and how many nips can be got out of the bottle. It makes required reading for the innocent—as well as the crook.

R. G.

The English Face. David Piper. Thames and Hudson, 35/-

Mr. David Piper has undertaken a formidable labour in this historical examination of "the English face," for the subject involves not only a sound knowledge of portraiture (and costume) but also leads from these factual matters into a sphere of psychological consideration where difference of opinion must hold sway. At the beginning of the book the style is rather too mannered and diffuse for comfortable reading, but after a while the author shakes out into a more matter-of-fact tone of voice and

produces many interesting sidelights on the huge field under investigation. He has—rather absurdly—been taken to task by some critics for including certain persons of Welsh, Scotch or Irish descent in his survey. All such examples are, in fact, individuals whose career was primarily made in England; and you have only to observe photographs of American public figures who arrived in the United States from Europe at the age of twenty, thirty, or even older, to grasp that "the American face" can undoubtedly be acquired in middle life. There are one hundred and forty-five illustrations, some well known, some welcomingly unacknowledged. The complications of ethnology and pedigree make anything like a scientific approach to the matter impossible within Mr. Piper's terms, but there is plenty here to stimulate thought about the portraiture of this country during the last five centuries.

A. P.

Gilberte Regained. Philippe Jullian. Hamish Hamilton, 13/6

The art and craft of *pastiche* or, to be more precise, *pasticcio*, holds many pitfalls for those who are merely enthusiasts, which cannot be said of M. Philippe Jullian whose expertise in this field is most ably revealed in this volume of seven stories which stress the absurdities of obsessed Proustians. Introduced as a *jeu d'esprit*, this delicately ironical collection of histories concern themselves with the *à la recherche de la vérité* behind Proust's original models. The spectacle presented is as sad and cruel as might be expected from such an investigation, and M. Jullian's art is to beguile us to forget that his suppositions are imaginery.

The lady (*Gilberte Regained*) who discovers herself to have been Gilberte and the lady who almost but not quite manages to track the Albert down have much in common, namely romantic self-deception inspired by literature, which is where M. Jullian shows himself to be a rather devilish moralist. Such stories should be presented singly; quantity impairs the raconteur's impact



"There's a rumour that they're putting tranquilizers into the drinking water."

and accounts for a slackening of *esprit* in the reader towards the end of this Proustian pantomime. The author's crafty (if he will forgive the word) illustrations add a curious nostalgic horror to his implacable textual caricature.

K. D.

Index to the Story of My Days. Edward Gordon Craig. Hulton, 35/-

In 1904 Gordon Craig left England, disgusted by our apathy to his ideas, to work abroad and exert considerable influence on the European and American theatres. At 85 he remains disgusted by our "infernal hesitation," and not surprisingly seems a little out of touch, damning the Old Vic for its echoes, surely long-lost, of the Salvation Army, and pitying our stage, "flattened out by the large tabby cat, Shaw."

But bad temper is not the tone of illustrated memoirs which are not so much autobiography as a chronological selection of events and states of mind up to the age of 35, written as a vigorous, slightly eccentric, old man would talk. Valuable as they are theatrically (Ellen Terry was his mother, Irving both master and hero), there is a deeper interest in Mr. Craig's abiding misery in the early separation of his parents, which left his father the absent but principal character in his life. This recurring unhappiness suggests a kind of pendant to Gosse.

E. O. D. K.

The Cambridge University Press are publishing a *New Cambridge Modern History*. The first volumes to appear are *The Renaissance 1483-1520*, edited by G. R. Potter, and *The Old Régime 1713-63*, edited by J. O. Lindsay (37/- each). It is a completely fresh work and differs from its predecessor in giving much more space to branches of history other than politics and diplomacy.



AT THE PLAY

The Egg (SAVILLE)

THE Egg is imported, and off colour. Paris is still laughing its head off at it, and with justification, for as it is played there it is one of the funniest comedies that has hit the city for a long time. But in Paris it gives every indication of having been specially built—by Felicien Marceau—for a very young comedian, Jacques Duby, who possesses in exactly the right measure the qualities needed to lift it off the ground and make it soar deliciously. Duby has a squeaky, adolescent voice and an air of puzzled innocence that completely saves the scene; as baldly stated as it now is in London it begins to look a little grubby.

The Egg's hero, Emile, is on the stage the whole time in contact with the audience. He tries to explain how, when he grew up, the world was shut against him like an egg, and how the people who were inside it seemed to have developed a mysterious system for overcoming all the natural hazards which to him appeared insuperable. Chief among the hazards was love, which he found impossible to initiate. So in a series of short scenes, going up-stage and playing his part, he shows us the painful lessons by which he gradually learned that no system existed except to be smarter than the other man. His innocence is only gradually dissipated, and even when his

new techniques begin to work he is still astonished at their success. He behaves abominably, stealing, taking a married mistress, blackmailing his wife's lover; and finally shooting his wife and palming the guilt on to the lover. Looked at coldly, which we are never allowed to do for a moment in Paris, it becomes a rather sordid little story, and that, alas, is how it now appears.

For this there are two reasons. One is that Nigel Patrick is totally miscast as the hero. He is not nearly young enough, even with the addition of an absurd wig, and though a very able comedian, innocence is simply not his line. The whole character of the play is changed by this switch from perky, perplexed youth to the sly cunning of an older man. Mr. Patrick gives us the development of a fairly ordinary spiv, not of a temperamental eccentric.

And it is a much slower demonstration than in Paris. Charles Frank has both translated and produced, and between his two functions has coarsened the play. Where a neater use of language would have helped he seems almost always to have chosen the word or phrase that weighs down the idea to the point of a cheap laugh. Bringing a comedy from France is a terribly tricky business, but at least the greatest care should be taken to avoid embarrassing lines.

The slowness of the production is due partly to the complexity of the sets. Roger Furse catches the feeling of Paris,

but in too great detail. A large cast, engaged in filling in the background of Emile's adventures, relies too much on the poster-stroke of charade. But one performance outshines everything, by Miriam Karlin as Emile's mistress, a dumb erotic automaton who is a marvel of satiric observation. ERIC KEOWN



AT THE BALLET

Inbal (DRURY LANE)

THE arrival at Drury Lane of a troupe of Yemenites who, in the short space of seven years, have been welded into a talented team of actors, singers and dancers, is something more than another of those cultural events to which Londoners are in danger of being over-exposed. It is of impressive ethnic and archaeological moment as well as being aesthetically important. It is, indeed, wonderful that for 2,500 years the Yemenite Jews, isolated in a corner of the Arabian Peninsula, should have kept alive their tribal traditions while assimilating enrichment from many neighbours. The company's Hebrew title, *Inbal*, is well chosen, for it means the tongue of a bell—that which gives music and colour to an empty shell.

The eighteen members of the company are at their best in team-work. For the most part, they dance, leap and jump bare-footed and with pleasing agility. All the men are bearded and all the women have a supple bucolic grace that again and again just saves an ungainly peasant dance-movement from being embarrassingly graceless. The dance throughout is evidently rooted in folk tradition and its motions have often an air of being spontaneous rather than disciplined. Often, too, they seem not far removed from those of outdoor labour and are never so stylized as to conceal their various derivations.

Underlying all is the pathos and inspiration of spiritual endurance through the centuries. The religious background, indeed, is the unifying element.

Three elaborate dramatic productions, which alternate with shorter dance items, bring out the company's histrionic powers, and all are of the right length to hold attention. That based on the biblical narrative of Deborah and Jael's slaying of Sisera comes nearest to abstract mime and dance in modern form. In *The Queen of Sheba* the highlights of the queen's visit to the court of King Solomon are pin-pointed sharply in most effective episodes—exemplary "theatre."

Most people, I expect, will judge *The Yemenite Wedding* to be the evening's most remarkable achievement. It consists of four scenes chosen from the ancient marriage ritual. We see the preliminaries, first in the home of the groom, then in that of the bride, and next the wedding ceremony, the bride being hidden in a locked chamber. Finally, the groom beholds the face of



Emile—NIGEL PATRICK

Rose—MIRIAM KARLIN

(*The Egg*)

his bride for the first time. In this beautiful and moving production by Mrs. Levi-Tanai one feels that all else has been kept firmly subordinate to an essentially authentic portrayal of a cherished heritage of Yemenite religious tradition.

Nothing is more eloquent of the company's dedicated character and artistry than a *pas de deux*, *Shabbat Shalom*, in which Margalith Oved and Meir Avadia, the company's leading and most versatile and accomplished performers, depict in slow and graceful motion a husband's love for his wife, enhanced by the holiness of the sabbath.

For the student of comparative dance tradition the art of *Inbal* is an exciting quarry; but it succeeds handsomely on its appeal to the theatre-lover's capacity to enjoy something new and stimulating, salted with exotic mystery and offered with captivating professional aplomb.

C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE PICTURES

A Face in the Crowd
The Three Faces of Eve

MORE than three-quarters of *A Face in the Crowd* (Director: Elia Kazan) is great stuff; only towards

the end does it begin to get forced and hysterical, and the way the ending itself is worked up smells of dramatic contrivance. This makes the film as a whole less satisfactory in a text-book sense than the less elaborate one on a somewhat similar theme that we saw early in the year, José Ferrer's *The Great Man*. That, though essentially a string of character-sketches, was held together and made complete by the fact that it was a gradual revelation of the unpleasant truth about one dominating personage: the story progressed by way of new discoveries about a man whose character could not possibly develop after the moment the picture began. This, on the other hand, is direct narrative. It shows the steady decline into megalomania of a personality whose worse qualities flourish like weeds in the glare of public adulation but who might have ended his days in quite inoffensive contentment had he been left as he was found, a volatile, uncaring tramp, "a face in the crowd." The climax of a story the point of which is the development of megalomania naturally has to show the symptoms of megalomania spectacularly displayed in a single episode, and that is hardly possible without making a forced, "hoked-up" impression.

This is a pity; but nearly all the film leading up to that climax is most brilliantly entertaining. It opens with the discovery of Lonesome Rhodes as one of the tramps in an Arkansas country jail; he is invited to talk and sing for a radio programme, becomes popular, and graduates to television, glorying in the ease with which he can influence his adoring public. The first sign comes very



Lonesome Rhodes—ANDY GRIFFITH

A Face in the Crowd

early, when a lighthearted aside about stray dogs makes dozens of listeners take them to the house of an unpopular sheriff; after this he uses his power for the pleasure of using it, until at last, when "the whole country's just like my flock o' sheep," he has undertaken to use it on the side of a dubious Presidential candidate who is to reward him with a post in the Cabinet. Each step in his progress provides opportunities for acidly amusing satire on the methods of every kind of publicity, but the implied target of the film's criticism is the public that is so easily swayed by them.

The end comes by way of another aside: the disillusioned girl who had loved him holds open the switch at the end of a programme and allows listeners to hear his contemptuous final remarks about them. It seems to me that the results of this single occasion are unconvincingly sudden and considerable, and the subsequent scene of his complete breakdown is, as I say, forced and over-emphasized; but this cannot spoil what has gone before. Andy Griffith is splendid as the central figure—most of the time the cinema audience is just as delightedly with him as the public in the story—and the piece is full of excellent small-part playing.

The Three Faces of Eve (Director: Nunnally Johnson) is about a girl with three personalities, as *Lizzie* was, but this time it is based on a genuine case-history and that book about it by Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley. Much of the question-and-answer dialogue is "from the clinical record." Nevertheless the

effectiveness of the film does not depend on the reflection that it's true, nor would it be vitiated by any moment of scepticism; one accepts the assurance or one doesn't. It's up to the film, true or not, to be entertaining, and I think it is.

Its outstanding attribute is the three-fold performance of Joanne Woodward. She is a humble Georgia housewife who has "spells" in which she becomes, with no later recollection of it, a raucous good-time girl; and in due course, after psychiatric treatment, a third personality emerges, much pleasanter and happier than either of the others. Put so briefly it may sound like nonsense, but Miss Woodward's playing makes it understandable and credible. Most striking are the moments when we actually see one personality turning into another: I remember one scene in which the instant of change is obvious even from her back when she is sitting down. The whole picture is well made and interesting, and I believe it is true, but it's still well made and interesting even if you don't.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The most important new one is Jules Dassin's *He Who Must Die*; review next week. Very few established ones left in London; *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (16/10/57) is outstanding, and of course there's good old *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57).

None of the releases calls for enthusiasm. *Lucky Jim* (9/10/57) is quite a bright ordinary comedy, but with none of the distinction its provenance would lead you to expect. RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Higher Things

SOME day, perhaps, the "Alan Taylor Lectures" of commercial TV will be as famous as the Henry Wood concerts or the Reith Lectures. Some day, perhaps, a pink marble Alan Taylor will look down from the portico of Television House, Kingsway, as a permanent reminder of the I.T.A.'s patronage of cerebration. Alan Taylor is a pioneer, the independent edition of Toynbee, the poor man's A. J. P. Taylor.

Alan Taylor lecturing on Napoleon or the Congress of Vienna to the culture-conscious masses makes a splendid sight. He enters from a setting designed no doubt to remind us of the arches of the years, apologizes for the theatricality of it all, and gets down to business. Without props of any kind and without stooping to conquer he stands and delivers something resembling a University Extension Lecture. He speaks well, brightly, briskly, amusingly, and if the reactions of an invited studio audience are anything to go by his viewers have no difficulty in paying attention and catching the drift.

These lectures are of course something of a stunt. Independent Television is anxious to prove, or rather to suggest, that its channels are avenues of culture, and that the ads., serials, quizzes, panel games, playlets and variety are all make-weight packing for serious features. But a glance at the contents of *TV Times* is enough to shatter the splendid illusion. Of the ten "serious" programmes listed last week five began at six o'clock—that is, before the mass audience was ready to switch on, and two, "What the Papers



Alan Taylor Lectures

Say" and "Out of Step," were timed for ten-thirty. Only the old favourite "Free Speech" (Sunday, 2.30 p.m.), "This Week" (8.30) and "Under Fire" (9.30) occupied peak-hour space in the schedules. Extension in the licensing hours has enabled the I.T.A. to push nearly all its "balance" (the generic name for uncommercial TV pabulum) into the unwanted hours.

Introducing the new marathon programme "Saturday Night on the Light," J. A. Camacho (Head of Planning, Light Programme) wrote: "This is a programme for the listener on the move, for the listener who can only listen for a short while, or for the listener who prefers a series of constantly changing new items, including interviews with celebrities, the shortest of short stories, brief items of all kinds, and above all a good spanking pace for a three-hour kaleidoscope of radio." Well, I am not

usually on the move on Saturday night, but in the interests of fair criticism I did my best to simulate mobility—trotting from room to room on fruitless errands, looking for a corkscrew that wasn't lost, even helping with the supper—and I have to admit that these exertions and distractions helped. This new beam of Light is designed of course to compete with TV and Radio Luxembourg, which are as predictable as the satellite's revolutions and not nearly as luminous.

It is based on the idea of the lucky bran-tub dip: there is something for everybody in the listed items, and there is always the chance, if you forage long enough, that you will come up with an extra prize. Waiting to hear Sam

Pollock, I picked up a delightful bit of fooling by that master of gibberish Stanley Unwin, and a few bars of nostalgic dance music. Pure gain. I still think however that a session of varied and uninterrupted music would prove more satisfactory to the "listener who can only listen for a short while."

The B.B.C.'s "Six-Five Special" team present their skiffle and rock and jive with twinges of embarrassment. An hour of giggling bobby-sox girls and effeminate guitar-strumming disciples and imitators of Tommy Steele and Elvis Presley cannot be repeated week after week without being overtaken by a feeling of unworthiness. So the lounge lizards are propped up by the muscular hedonism of Freddie Mills—and the other week—by the unexceptionable fresh-air manliness of Roger Bannister and Chris Brasher. But the twinges remain.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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